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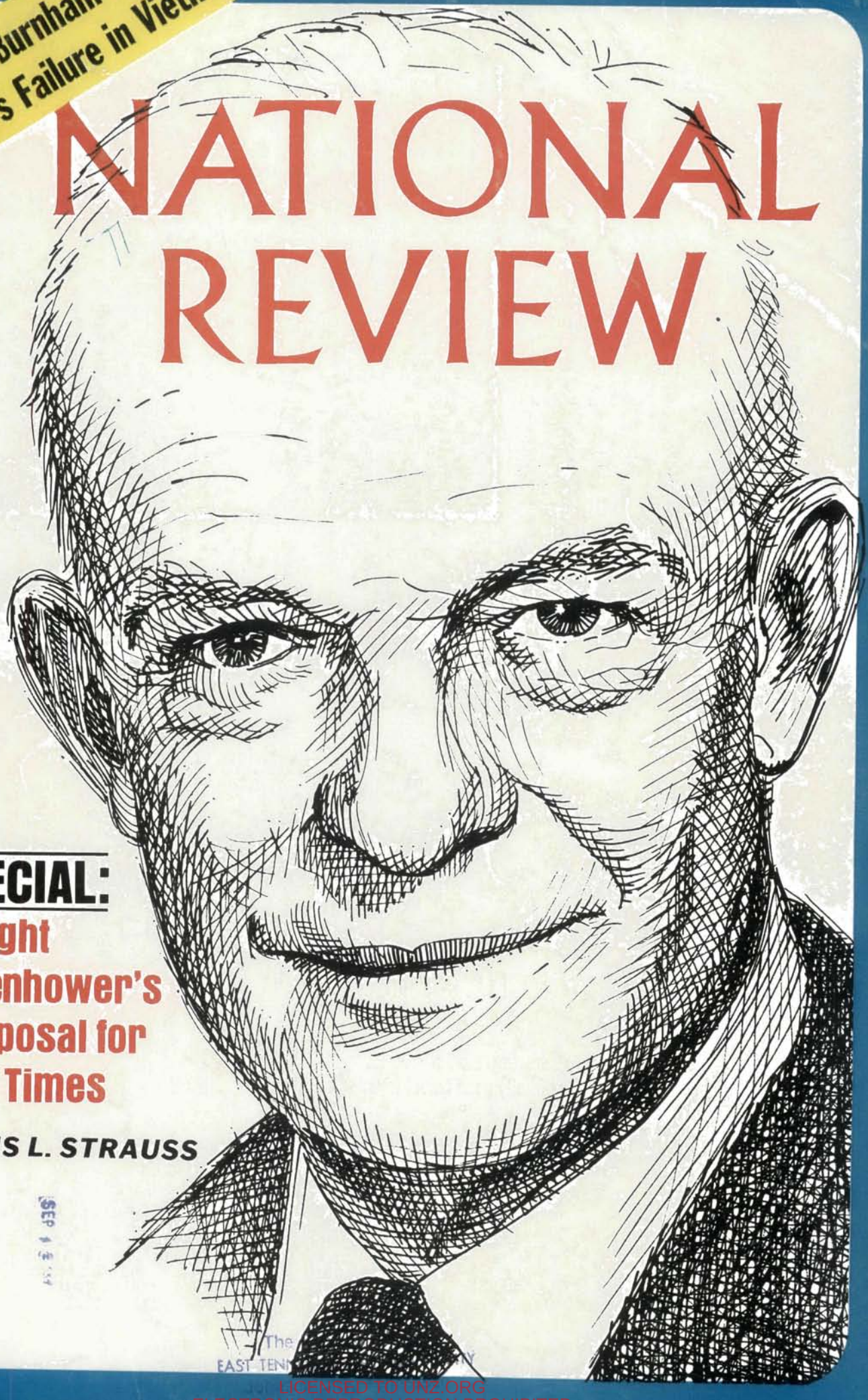
SEPTEMBER 19, 1967

James Burnham on
cNamara's Failure in Vietnam

NATIONAL REVIEW



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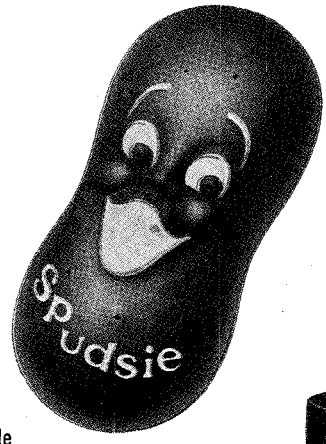

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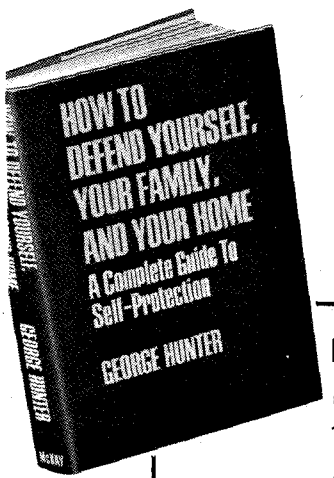

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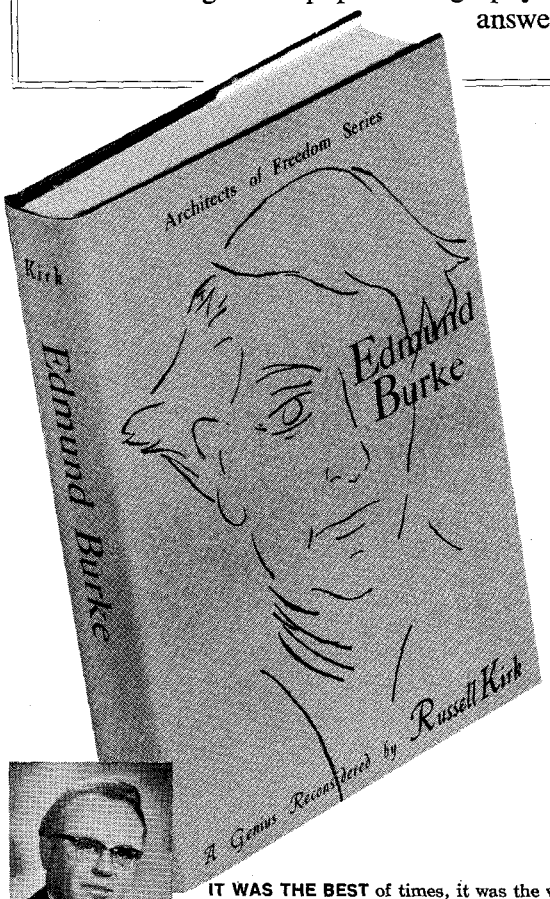

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by Russell Kirk

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Russell Kirk, noted conservative columnist, lecturer, editor of **The University Bookman,** contributor to **National Review,** is perhaps the foremost living authority on Edmund Burke.

IT WAS THE BEST of times, it was the worst of times, when the French Revolutionists stormed the Bastille on July 14, 1789. Their "treason most foul" touched off the Reign of Terror and the first modern totalitarian state. And they left the world a legacy of levelling ideas that have warred on excellence and privacy and civilization for nearly two hundred years.

The votaries of Revolution — Mirabeau and Tom Paine and even Charles Fox — went to Burke, now in the twilight of his great career. Surely he would bless their cause. His enlightened sentiments were well known.

But they did not understand their Burke. He had never been a revolutionist. He saw the canyon that divides revolution and reform. He saw the wreckers for what they were, and he resolved to give his last years to unmasking the Enlightened who cultivated Progress with the guillotine, who chose as their Goddess of Reason a whore — and crowned her in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Today we must endure the sound of national leaders likening the American Revolution to the Russian, or to the obscenities in Africa. *Burke heard the same cant comparing the French and American Revolutions, and he withered it with an eloquence that will make your heart sing out.*

Philosopher, Man of Action

Burke studied law but found that the law did not give full scope to his talents. Drawn to public affairs, he wrote speeches for politicians, a philosophical work on esthetic theory, and a defense of traditional Christianity.

Burke never shrank from an unpopular cause. He pleaded for generous treatment of Canada and Ireland. He spoke out against the British East India Company, almost singlehanded brought off the historic impeachment of Hastings — knowing well that he was taking on the Crown of England.

The French Revolution was the moment of truth. Here Burke — advocate of peace in America, Ireland, India, Canada — called for war: not simply in defense of his country, but for the survival of Western civilization.

Friend of America

Burke's role as our best friend in Parliament is well known — but widely misunderstood. Russell Kirk brings it into focus, gives simple answers to hard questions: To what extent did Burke sympathize with the American Revolution? Why did he take such radically different stands on the American and French Revolution? Dr. Kirk also reveals:

- Why Anglo-American traditions of party government trace to Burke.
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- Burke's life — almost the story of his age. A few of the giants who march through these pages: Adam Smith, Sheridan, Boswell, Coleridge, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Johnson, Wordsworth, Benjamin Franklin, Hazlitt, Goldsmith, Rousseau.

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Indisputably, Edmund Burke is the father of modern conservatism. It is sometimes overlooked, however, that he is at least co-founder, with Adam Smith, of modern libertarianism. Thus we are all in his debt. It is hard to imagine a serious conservative or libertarian without at least a gentleman's knowledge of Burke. This book is the ideal introduction.

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VOL. XIX NO. 37

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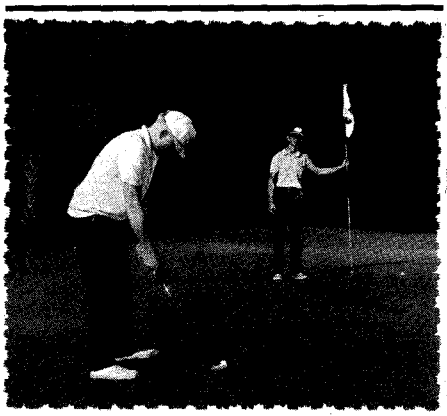

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We zero in on the recent Conference For a New Politics held in Chicago, which turned out (to borrow Russell Kirk's quip) to be naught but the old impolitics. **Timothy J. Wheeler,** editor of *Rally* and now also a senior editor at Arlington House, covered the affair, lasciviously . . . . Admiral **Lewis L. Strauss** graces his lifetime of public service with an article outlining a Comsat-type approach to the problem of getting fresh water to the deserts of Arabia and Israel. If water, being scarce, is the occasion of quarrels and war, will tranquility return when water is abundant? Admiral Strauss is a former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and has been deeply involved in the development of nuclear power and particularly the peaceful uses of it. He worked up the present proposal at the request of General Eisenhower.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** was instrumental some years ago in getting the late "Nazi" George Lincoln Rockwell together with a priest who was eager and greatly able to enunciate the Christian doctrine, especially as applied to the sins and heresies of Rockwell. He tells here of the result of that attempt to save a soul . . . . **James Burnham** analyzes the recent testimony of Defense Secretary McNamara concerning the Vietnam war. The Secretary, in a voluminous statement, never used the word "enemy"—an omission that symbolizes the fundamental flaw in the present strategic thinking of the Administration . . . . **Russell Kirk** describes a greatly successful private school in Illinois, incidentally making the hopeful point that public schooling (i.e., universal, compulsory, tax-fed) is past its prime . . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** writes from Switzerland and points beyond, where she is just eating up her vacation. A good *Schlosser-bube* makes men weep, apparently . . . . **Alec Waugh,** back from a writers' conference in, uh, Abidjan, goes into the background of PEN and looks, more hopefully than you might suspect, towards the future of Africa.

➔ Prof. **Jeffrey Hart,** among whose works is a well-edited volume of eighteenth-century English political writings, reviews, with appreciation, Russell Kirk's new study of Edmund Burke. Assuming that conservatives will one day acquire political power, he asks: What will they *do* with that power? They will do, he says, less than their best if they act entirely without a Burkean regard for the substance of civilization . . . . **Ronald Johnson** dismisses three attempts at novels. One is of French stock, translated into mud. No. 2 is Charles Jackson's first freak-out since *The Lost Weekend* (1948 A.D.). The third could have been worse. Mr. Johnson, a much published poet, takes over the fiction desk while Guy Davenport completes his next several books . . . . Major **George Fielding Eliot** very much agrees with the military thinking of Marshall Tedder, Britain's great aerial commander during the Second World War. And he is worried about the present chain of command in the U.S. . . . . Edward Dahlberg (no relation to Lord Acton) whose letters and other less formal writing are issued in two volumes, gains the attention of **Anthony Kerrigan** (poet, raconteur, translator) . . . . **Ruth Berenson** notices that a fast buck can be turned in the art game if you're ahead of the crowd. Pop is doing the Chatauqua circuit. Hard-Edge, Op, Kinetic, Psychedelic, and Minimal have come and gone. So what's new? Andy Warhol hasn't painted a soup can in years. ➔

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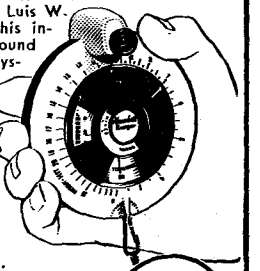

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LETTERS

Negroes and Leadership

In reading Saul Friedman's article, "Riots, Violence and Civil Rights" [Aug. 22], I was particularly impressed by his admonition to "responsible Negro leaders," with which I fully agree. Naturally, as a Negro, I take some sharp criticism from a few who think otherwise; but have been heartily encouraged by the support of these views voiced by many more persons of both races.

MARY J. KYLE
Editor-Associate Pub.
Twin Cities Courier
Minneapolis, Minn.

Tyrolean Attire

Nika Standen Hazelton's article on Switzerland [Aug. 22] was valuable and absorbing. However, I do believe that one will find many of the women in the villages of the Tyrolean Alps of Austria wear their native costume daily as do their peers in the valley of the Valais in Switzerland. The women of South Tyrol would undoubtedly like to join their fellow countrywomen of the North Tyrol in this but the Italian occupiers do not look kindly upon such things.

Bronx, N.Y. EDWARD MORAN

A+ in Lit. Crit.

Your publication's section on Books, Arts, Manners is the most meaningful literary criticism in any American magazine of general opinion today. I thought Guy Davenport's piece, "Do You Have a Poem Book?" [Aug. 8] was beautiful.

Alexandria, Va. GRANT SYKES

Dollars for Defense?

Mr. Frank Meyer's article in the August 8 issue is perceptive and timely. As a long-time student of strategic affairs as well as a long-time employee (seventeen years) in the aerospace industry, I can personally attest to some of the dangerous actions taken recently by the Defense Department. Program after program is being stretched out or canceled supposedly to use the money for the Vietnam war. Many of these programs involve breakthroughs in technology, ideas and concepts that will provide major defense weapons systems for our country five and ten years hence. As reported by Hanson Baldwin, each program has to prove itself from a cost-effectiveness standpoint in order to compete for available dollars. Many programs in their embryo stage find this impossible to do. So along comes Mac with his knife and cuts the program to the bone or out entirely. History has proved that in the Defense business the longer a program is stretched out the more it costs. So who is kidding whom?

Granada Hills, Cal. JOE C. HOPE

Romney and the Mob

The August 8 edition of NATIONAL REVIEW in an editorial entitled "The Permanent Insurrection," charges that Governor Romney "laid down the permissive line on the fatuous theory that firm action would arouse resentment and incite the mob".

That charge is false. During his terms as governor, he has had a firm policy on the control of arson, looting, and mob violence. You will note that the riot started at 4:00 A.M. on Sunday, but the Governor was not asked for state help until Sunday afternoon. And then, he immediately committed every state policeman and guardsman available to stop the disorder.

WALTER D. DE VRIES
Special Assistant
Lansing, Mich. Romney Associates

Berger v. New York

"Term's End" by James Jackson Kilpatrick [July 25] was comprehensive, perceptive and fair. The Warren Court has done much to affirm or clarify fundamental personal rights in an increasingly complex, turbulent, and regulated society. There is a line, however, which separates curbing the power of the state to oppress individuals through violations of their rights, and weakening the state to *protect* those same individuals against exploitation, oppression, or injury by powerful elements within the community, whether they be business interests, governmental agencies, organized criminal groups, or subversive organizations. In *Berger* v. *New York* that line was crossed.

The Court has rightly recognized the intolerable intrusion into personal privacy that can arise from indiscriminate use of wiretapping and electronic devices, but even the ardently libertarian Justice Douglas has conceded that "unusual circumstances" may justify such measures. If such "unusual circumstances" do not include "carefully controlled official use . . . in dealing with organized crime and official corruption" (to quote Justice White, dissenting along with Justices Harlan and Black), then it is difficult to see what they can include, aside from the essential area of the national security.

KEMP P. YARBOROUGH
Associate Professor
Texas Woman's University
Denton, Tex.

The WCTU Objects

Re: Taylor Caldwell's letter [Aug. 22] taking issue with Russell Kirk's historical and Biblical scholarship on the subject of alcohol. Kirk is quite right on "distilled spirits." Aristotle, Cato, Horace, Herodotus, Josephus, Pliny, Plutarch, Xenophon quote recipes and customs, and also give at least five processes used to prevent fermentation—cold, heat, boiling, straining, sulphur—"wines that do not make the head heavy" and "the best wines."

Kirk is wrong when he says that the Bible never denounced "wine." Prov. 23: 1-3; 20-21; 29-35 distinctly do condemn its use and define its consequences, even to the DTs and habit-forming characteristics. Prov. 20:1 warns against being deceived by wine and strong drink. Many, many more citations could be added; and the benefits of total abstinence are too numerous to mention—all through the Levitical laws the priests were forbidden to use wine in temple; as a sacrifice it was poured out, typifying Christ's blood poured out, never drunk—The Rechabites, the Nazarites, Samson, Hannah the mother of Samuel, John the Baptist, the children of Israel in the forty years in wilderness (Deut. 29: 5-6; 32: 14 "pure blood of the grape"). Daniel was a total abstainer and was ten times smarter than all the magicians and astrologers (the other three Hebrew children, too) in the land.

Much of the confusion has been caused by the translators of the Bible who have translated thirteen different words in the original languages: "wine." It seems strange to me that this error has been continued in all the new translations and versions.

If we had no other information than that in the Bible, we would not lack what science tells us about the effects of alcohol on the body, nervous system, morals, reactions, prenatal damage, etc.

The Bible, God's word, was written by God through the Holy Spirit (II Peter 1: 19-21), not by any "counterparts of the WCTU and their abject spouses," Miss Caldwell.

Yours to keep the U.S.A. strong by abstinence,

LEAH OLCOTT STANTON
Vice President
Bergen Co., N.J. WCTU
Ridgewood, N.J.

Let's drink to that.—ED.

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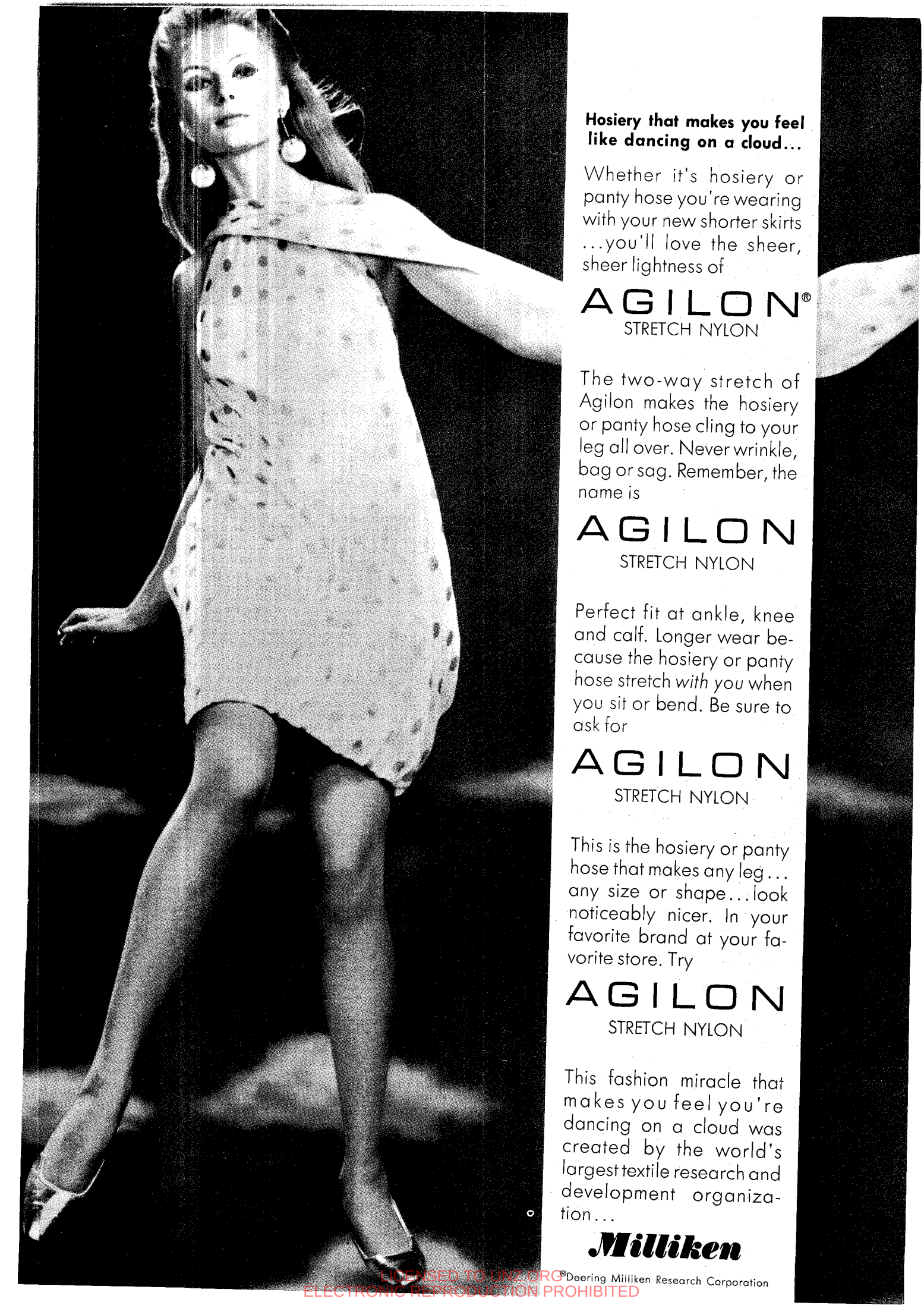

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The WEEK

● Read the ads? "Do you like face jewels? Muhammad Ali? Max's Kansas City? WBAI? Captain Levy? Psychedelic art? Mayor Lindsay for President? Grass? The Pill? Did you like Andy Warhol's films before they became fashionable? If you can answer yes to most of the above, you are a member of that small but influential group of taste-makers who set the cultural trends of the nation. And you are precisely the kind of person for whom a fantastic new magazine called—" But why should we tell you what it's called? If you can answer yes to most of the above you know, and if you can't you've already got your magazine. In your lap, baby.

● Shirley Temple Black, whose entry into California's 11th Congressional District race brought forth such an inordinate amount of Prufrockian protest from the press ("We grow old, we grow old, we shall wear our tootsies rolled"), will be running against no less than ten other contenders. The numbers and the mixture (Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, hawks and doves) would have made the election conspicuous even without Mrs. Black. One of the Republicans, for example, is the peripatetic and persistent Bob Barry, formerly R., N.Y., who lost his 1964 race despite active nonsupport for Goldwater, moved to California and lost again in the 38th C.D., and moved again. One of the Democrats is Edward Keating, founder and former publisher of *Ramparts*. The 11th's former representative, the late J. Arthur Younger Jr., was Republican and conservative; the betting is that Republican, conservative Mrs. Black will succeed him.

● Thurgood Marshall has been confirmed as a justice of the Supreme Court and now we can hope that in the future it will become possible to discuss the qualifications of a nominee to that august and untouchable position without arousing the suspicion that any criticism is, way down deep, racist. The Court's standards, during recent years, have not been very high, and under the circumstances it was difficult to criticize Mr. Marshall as unqualified; though such criticism was indeed lodged by, unfortunately, Southern senators, whose motives were presumptively suspicious. But a Negro having got in, Jews having got in, Catholics having got in, one can hope that, in the future (barring of course the first Yogi who gets nominated—he'll have to get in even if he insists on standing on his head during the sessions of the court from which position, as a matter of fact, he could most reliably interpret the Constitution in the tradition of Earl Warren) that in days ahead, candidates' qualifications to interpret our future may truly be discussed without regard to race, religion or creed.

● Rep. Claude Pepper (D., Miami) offered to the House on August 16 a resolution that concludes "that the Government of the United States should formulate . . . a positive program for the elimination of the Castro-Communist regime in Cuba by whatever means may be necessary, and that the United States should undertake . . . whatever measures may be required to implement this program and bring an early end to the regime which now enslaves the Cuban people and threatens the freedom and security of the people of the other nations of the Western Hemisphere." There being no objection, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW adopted the resolution unanimously and forwarded it to the Senate.

● Bold the man who would predict the course of those waspish Arabs—but here goes anyway. One: On June 6, at the height of the Israeli-Egyptian conquest of Cairo, the Algerian regime assumed operating control of five Esso and Mobil refineries in Algeria, and urged other Arab regimes to dole out similar punishment in their own bailiwicks against the British and American imperialists. Two: The sister Arabs having done naught, on August 30 the Algerians "nationalized" the American refineries: a step not unexpected. Three: In the echo of Algerian exhortations to cease all shipment of oil to the Anglo-American devils, Libya announced on September 5 that she, Lebanon, Iraq and Saudi Arabia would resume oil shipments to the U.S., England and West Germany. *Audax dicet haruspex*: This presages a further alienation of Algeria from the world of the Near East.

● American advocates of a permissive approach to drugs and drug addiction have for many years praised the "British System," under which the addict obtains drugs cheaply and easily by presenting a prescription from any physician. Suddenly, the system isn't working: the number of addicts in Britain tripled between 1960 and 1966, and is expected to increase tenfold by 1972. Alarmed, the House of Commons has approved a measure which would allow only a few, specially-licensed doctors to prescribe drugs, and require those doctors to give the government the names of all their addicted patients.

● Up crops a letter in London's *Sunday Times* signed by 300 Czechoslovakian artists, though the names were prudently withheld by the *Times*, and what are they protesting? Communism (and, indirectly, those Western artists who are telling the world that love and liberty lie somewhere to the East). The Czechs want free speech, and addressed their plea to "you leftist Western intellectuals who are still subject

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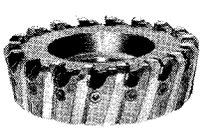
Those nickels and dimes you spend on milling and boring tools might not look so small at the end of the year.



Too many of us take cutting tools for granted. And as long as they work, we don't pay much attention to them.

That can be costly. Very costly.

Maybe you should take a closer look at your cutting tool inventories and buying practices.

The Ingersoll Man is just the guy to help. You see, he's genuinely concerned with the productivity of your operation, not just selling you cutting tools. Every time he sees somebody use a not-best-for-the-job cutter on an expensive machine, he cringes.

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to dangerous illusions about democracy and freedom in the socialist countries, who protest against American massacres in Vietnam . . . and tend to overlook what happens here where you are pinning your hopes!"

● There is, apparently, no limit to the amount of escalation the Left will call for—so long as it's at home. At the peak of the riot season last August, the *New York Review* (parlor kook left) ran two articles calling for, yeah man, hard cold revolution. The authors (*ur*-kook Tom Hayden and Middle High Kook Andrew Kopkind) pronounced, along the path to blood, a premonitory obituary for Establishment liberalism. It is certainly true that old-fogey liberalism of the Norman Thomas stripe has lost its savor, and the natives are stirring, but the Establishment remains established in the meantime. Whether it will be dislodged by a Kopkind-*coup* or a far more massive alteration in the voting public, no one knows. The situation points up an interesting argument for magnifying the position of conservatism in the public dialogue. If, without the conservative alternative, the only direction of political experimentalists is revolutionary, doesn't the good of the country require that the voters be given a choice, not a salvo?

● Our Rampant Judiciary: On July 9 a gas explosion set fire to the cottage of a young Milwaukee ironworker, Dennis R. Londo. His wife was hospitalized and the baby, a one-year-old girl, was sent to stay with her maternal grandparents. Eight days later Mrs. Londo died. Londo has two brothers: the elder has three children, the younger is thirteen years old and lives with his mother who is divorced. Both households offered to absorb the widower and his child. But the grandparents refused to give her back. The case went to court. The judge, though finding Londo "in no sense unworthy, unfit or incompetent," ruled in favor of the grandparents. Londo believes the child will be turned over to some in-laws who are childless and is appealing to the state supreme court. Meanwhile he has technical custody, visiting privileges, and the sympathy and support of an incredulous community.

● Where else but in *Center Diary* (No. 16), published by and for the Members of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, would you expect to find the best recipe for the instant evanescence of the power of Congress? In "Presidential Power: A Myth" (it's a myth because it's much too confined, see, we've got to get rid of all those pesky checks and balances), Louis W. Koenig, a professor of government at New York University, outlines these simple steps: 1) Elect the President, Senate and House all at once, every four years. 2) Give the President the item veto for appropriation bills, enabling him to wheel and deal among the legislators even more effectively than he does now. 3) Abolish the seniority system in choosing committee chairmen. 4) Let a majority of senators present, rather than two-thirds, approve treaties. 5) Repeal the 22nd (two-term) Amendment. 6) Have more *national* party conventions, fewer local ones; have regional, rather than state or local, party organizations; *centralize, nationalize, homogenize.* 7) Go over the heads of congressional candidates to cultivate big-city politics and big-city politicos. They'll play along with the Emperor—uh, the President.

● Working quietly by themselves as they have for generations, and through the normal retail outlets, the Zuni Indians of New Mexico do a business of $2 million a year in handcrafted jewelry. From this brink of disaster the Office of Economic Opportunity proposes to rescue the Zuni craftsmen by setting up a co-op which, in three years' time, would bring sales to a peak of $150,000. And as if this were not bounty enough, the OEO will bring in machines to make the jewelry in place of human hands. The Zunis are appealing to Congress through the National Federation of Independent Business, which may indeed be the last outpost for anyone who ever bought anything from the Great White Fathers in Washington.

● Now Britain has a Hot Line to Moscow. Paris has *its*. The least the Kremlin could do is open up Warm Lines for the underdeveloped countries.

● HONOR AMONG THIEVES DEPT: From the *N.Y. Daily News* letters column, Sept. 3: "It hurts me to make this confession, but I'm fed up with reading about police brutality in Newark. I was a thief and a burglar in the Newark area for twenty years and was arrested more than 25 times. I've done time in prison and the county jail and never have I been beaten up or mistreated. EX THIEF."

The Stennis Committee Reports

Since August 9 the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee, chaired by John Stennis (D., Miss.), has been looking into the aerial operations of the U.S. over North Vietnam. On August 31 the Subcommittee issued its report, unanimously endorsed. Excerpts follow:

> That the air campaign has not achieved its objectives to a greater extent cannot be attributed to inability or impotence of air power. It attests, rather, to the fragmentation of our air power by overly restrictive controls, limitations,

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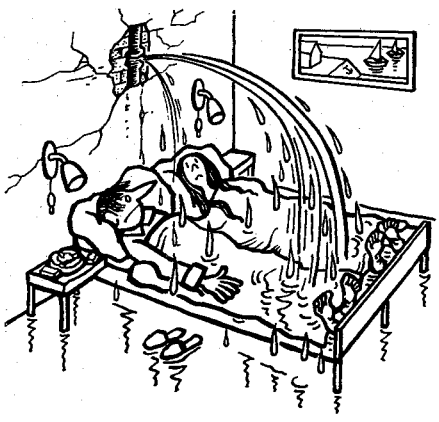
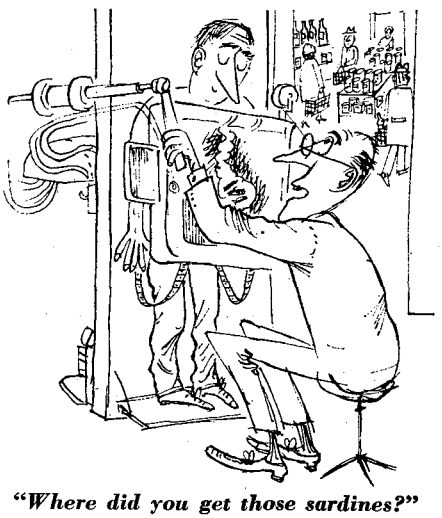
and the doctrine of "gradualism" placed on our aviation forces. . . . It should be noted that since our air attacks began the enemy has accomplished a tremendous and very formidable build-up in his air defenses. . . . The massive air defenses have exacted a heavy toll of American aircraft and pilots. More than 660 planes have been shot down over North Vietnam. . . . Formerly both the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Forces maintained target lists which were used as the basis of planning for attacks on fixed targets. Targets on the JCS list could not be hit without the approval of the Secretary of Defense and other high civilian authority. As a result, during the entire year of 1966 less than one per cent of the total sorties flown against North Vietnam were against fixed targets on the JCS target list. . . . It was clearly implied by the Secretary of Defense that few, if any, important military targets remained unstruck. The great weight of the military testimony was to the contrary. . . . All military witnesses stated that the closure, neutralization or isolation of the port of Haiphong was the single most important thing which could be done in North Vietnam from a military standpoint. . . . Obviously, the question of closing or neutralizing Haiphong has important policy and political considerations over and above the purely military requirements, including the reaction, if any, of the USSR or Red China. This is a serious and legitimate question, but it does not justify the Secretary in taking the position that closing or neutralizing this vital port is unimportant from a military standpoint, a position which is entirely at odds with the unanimous judgment of all our military experts. . . . The plain facts as they unfolded in the testimony demonstrated clearly that civilian authority consistently overruled the unanimous recommendations of military commanders and the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a systematic, timely and hard-hitting integrated air campaign against the vital North Vietnam targets. . . . The cold fact is that this policy has not done the job, and it has been contrary to the best military judgment. . . . All must agree that we are in a major war. More than 500,000 of our fighting men are engaged in deadly combat. . . . When the decision was made to commit American fighting forces to South Vietnam, certain risks became inevitable. . . . Further and needless risks should not be incurred recklessly, but within this framework it should be our purpose to support our fighting men to the greatest extent possible, and within reasonable limits to do that which is necessary to bring the war to an end as quickly and successfully as possible. . . . Every military witness who testified emphasized that the air war has been waged under severe handicaps which were contrary to military principles. . . . It is high time, we believe, to allow the military voice to be heard in connection with the tactical details of military operations.

The Stennis committee has performed a major public service in gathering this testimony and making it public. It has also provided a preview of the political pitfalls President Johnson faces in 1968, assuming no change in the Administration's conduct of its war. It seems highly unlikely that the Administration will enter the election season with a significantly altered policy in Vietnam. The alternatives open to it are discussed at some length in James Burnham's article in this issue.

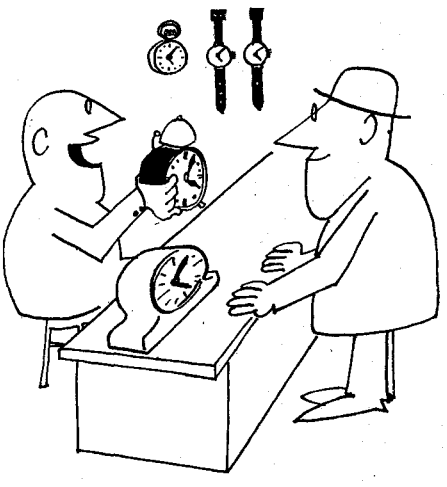
The Customer is King, a Jaundiced View from Prague



"At least we're getting warm water today!"



"Where did you get those sardines?"



"It's fixed. But don't wind it!"

Dikobraz, Prague

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Auto Strike

As we go to press it is all but cocksure that Mr. Reuther will call a strike against Ford, that it will be a long strike, and that General Motors and Chrysler will come to the aid of the party struck. It is possible that the unstruck two will subsidize Ford to the extent of the additional revenues they receive that are attributable to the Ford strike. Just such an arrangement has worked for some years now in the airline business.

Already Mr. Reuther of the United Auto Workers has cried foul. The Big Three, he says, are acting collusively in order to exercise a monopoly power against the defenseless workingman. By now everyone knows that the Big Three will reply that it is precisely the labor unions which possess the true, i.e., legally sanctioned, monopoly power. At which point we may expect Mr. Reuther to grow more heated, the President of the United States to urge industrial statesmanship, federal mediators to pull long faces, and Detroit's Mayor Cavanagh to take a quick trip somewhere.

Isn't the script getting a little old? Mr. Reuther's defenseless peons are earning, after all, something like three times the minimum wage established by Congress. Or is Mr. Reuther simply talking it up and planning a long strike in order to nourish a renaissance of the good old days of militant unionism? The unions, especially the big unions, have been under fire in recent years for "going establishment"—the union leaders are old men (Mr. Reuther, 60, is hardly an idealistic youth), they grow fat on baronial salaries (Mr. Reuther's 28 grand is small only in comparison with Hoffa's 75 plus perks), it has been a long time since blood was shed on the picket line, and even the *New York Times* reporters speak in terms of "agreements" worked out between big labor and big management. In a sense, Mr. Reuther may feel that he "owes" this strike on account of labor's image—just as James Carey "owes" a strike against General Electric some years back on account of Mr. Carey's image.

Just hours before the strike deadline, word from Detroit is that Ford is battening down the hatches. There was some question whether the executive offices would be accessible to the executives on the morrow, granted the possibility of "activism" on the picket lines. Detroit herself was reported to be in an advanced state of punch-drunkenness. What with the indescribable chaos remaining from the burning of the Negro district last month and the teachers' strike threatening the cessation of public schooling, one observer reported that Detroit didn't seem to care, or understand, about the consequences of a long-dragged-out strike. As if Detroit had learned to live in a permanent state of siege.

Three weeks or three months from now, when the men go back to work, the strike will be proclaimed a great victory—on all sides. And if the price of automobiles must rise, well then it will be a victory of sorts for Mr. Nordhoff of the Volkswagen works.

Concerning the Elections

You might just want to cut this out and tuck it away somewhere.

There are 17.5 million South Vietnamese. About 35 per cent of them are under eighteen, and hence were ineligible to vote for reasons of age. That left 11.5 potential voters. Over half of those are illiterate. But never mind: they were allowed to vote too, which to begin with made the election more democratic, or something, than elections in England or the U.S. Twenty per cent of the population was declared ineligible to vote on the grounds that they reside in areas dominated by the VC. That eliminates 2.3 million, cutting down the potential to approximately nine million. Two of those million, or 22 per cent, didn't bother to vote (compare e.g. U.S. figures for 1964, when 38 per cent didn't bother to vote). The winners, Thieu and Ky, took 35 per cent of the vote (compare e.g. JFK's 49 per cent). But, the absence of traditional parties in South Vietnam resulted in eleven candidates running. How many votes would JFK have got in 1960 if active candidates had included: JFK, Nixon, Stevenson, Goldwater, Kefauver, Lodge, Fulbright, Dirksen, Wallace, Thurmond—and Fulbright? South Vietnam's Fulbright got 17 per cent of the vote, something in the area of what George Wallace is likely to get in the U.S. next November.

The defeated candidates cried "fraud." Good sign of a democratic spirit. The observers said it was a fair election. Governor Hughes of New Jersey, stationed to observe things in Hué, said that the pollkeepers were either honest, or else Hué had "25,000 first-rate character actors." Professor Richard Scammon, head of the Government Affairs Institute of Washington, D.C., spoke for the observers. The elections, he said, were "reasonably efficient, reasonably free and reasonably honest." And added: "I would use exactly the same words to describe elections in the United States."

Debugging the VC

From an Associated Press dispatch datelined Danang, August 21: "Answering a radioed call for help, U. S. Marine helicopter pilot Steve Pless saw fifty Vietcong *torturing* four wounded American soldiers on the beach below . . ." (italics ours throughout). From the *New York Times*, same date, p. 5: "Capt. Steve Pless, a United States Marine helicopter pilot, answering

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In the Next Issue

The Movement to Canonize Ayn Rand

by M. Stanton Evans

Sex in the Colleges by Frederic Nelson

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a radioed call for help, saw fifty Vietcong *holding* four wounded American soldiers on the beach below . . ."

AP: "It took twenty minutes of scrambing across a soft South China Sea beach 65 miles south of Danang Saturday to drag three of the Americans aboard Pless's helicopter. A South Vietnamese air force helicopter picked up the body of the fourth, *whose throat had been cut* . . ."

Times: "It took twenty minutes of scrambling across the beach of the South China Sea 65 miles south of Danang to drag three of the Americans aboard the helicopter. A South Vietnamese Air Force helicopter picked up the body of the fourth . . ."

AP: "All four soldiers had . . . been wounded in a gunfight before Pless's helicopter arrived. 'They had all of the guys together,' Capt. Rupert Fairfield, the copilot, said. *'It looked like they wanted to mutilate them, strip them and leave them in a line for display . . .'*"

Times: "All four had been wounded in a gunfight before the helicopter arrived . . ."

Wallace on Reagan an' NR

Excerpts from interview with George Wallace by Tom Anderson published in American Opinion, *monthly journal of Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society*:

Q. Whom do you forecast as the most likely nominees of the Republicans, Democratic and Peaceniks?

A. Nobody good.

Q. I have had hopes that Ronald Reagan might turn out to be a great governor, a great conservative, and the nominee of the Republican Party. What do you think about him?

A. He's a lightweight.

Q. Writing in the former conservative magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW, James J. Kilpatrick in a recent interview with you said that you "began to perfect a platform manner that embraces every effective technique of the gifted demagogue" and called you a "cultural Moon Mullins."

A. Kilpatrick's a writing demagogue—gifted or otherwise. There are more demagogues who write than speak, and the writing demagogues have "bout ruint" this country. I like Moon Mullins. I don't know why Kilpatrick is so bugged on culture. Maybe those "high sassiety" folks in Richmond won't accept *him*.

Q. Did you really make all those grammatical errors as quoted by Kilpatrick?

A. Maybe. Like Will Rogers said: "Lotsa folks that ain't sayin ain't, ain't eatin!"

Q. And lotsa folks as ain't sayin ain't, ain't votin? And ain't gettin' elected?

A. Yeah!

History and Herbert Matthews

On August 31 Herbert L. Matthews retired from the *New York Times*. After 45 years, Mr. Matthews was one of the top hands on the plantation (albeit one who got busted back to the bunkhouse a couple of times) and presumably was entitled to one of those extended *Times* farewells where, though the party is ended, the formalities linger on. Mr. Matthews' valediction was a four-part series propounding the Matthewsian doctrine on four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa and but-of-course Latin America, and it was while lingering in Latin America that he permitted himself, for the first time in the public prints, to venture onto the role that journalism plays in history or, more specifically, the role that Matthews, journalist, played in Cuba in the late Fifties, to which role history will have in justice assigned a milestone. It was the making of Fidel Castro.

That is not how Mr. Matthews sees it, to be sure. To Matthews, it all just . . . happened. "I would not deny that as I sat with Fidel Castro, his brother Raul, Che Guevara and others up in the Sierra Maestra on the chilly morning of Feb. 17, 1957, Clio, the muse of history, touched me with her wand—or whatever she uses. The resulting publicity in the *Times* gave Castro and his guerrilla band a nationwide and even a worldwide fame that, chronologically, was the start of the most fantastic career of any leader in the whole course of Latin America's independent history. However, Cuba was 'ripe for revolution,' as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote . . ." So you see, *even without me* Fidel would have made it to stardom. Confessions of a bemused press agent. Fantastic.

But Matthews is not only modest, he is angry. "When Cuba's *Jefe Máximo* and his government turned Communist" (note that "turned"—this is the *Jefe Máximo* in whose 26th of July movement Matthews found "no Communism to speak of," the same J.M. who on Dec. 2, 1961 revealed how he'd had to hide his beliefs from his U.S. pals "because otherwise we might have alienated the bourgeoisie and other forces which we knew we would eventually have to fight") "and later almost brought on a nuclear war, some-

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Six vigorous weeks lie ahead for the first session of the ninetieth Congress, with major activity sure to involve Administration efforts to restore funds from its eviscerated Foreign Aid Bill. However, says Sen. Mike Mansfield, whatever case the Administration can make for fund restoration will be enhanced if foreign aid lobbyists from the State and Defense Departments, as well as those from the specially-interested Agency for International Development (AID), keep their distance from congressional corridors. The Senate Majority Leader has given the White House notice of senatorial complaints that Executive Department lobbyists swarmed over Capitol Hill during summer months "like worms crawling out of woodwork": but Mansfield was careful to distinguish between State/Defense/AID lobbyists and the President's own lapel-pinching team, led by Mike Manatos, chief of congressional liaison at the White House since Larry O'Brien moved his political operation down the avenue to the Post Office Department. Nevertheless, the team of Mansfield & Manatos may need all the worms they can lay their hands on in the weeks to come, since political fishing over the Labor Day holiday only confirmed congressional opinion that after two decades, the U.S. public has grown highly suspicious, if not downright hostile, toward the old lures used to attract support for foreign aid.

◆ The White House seems to have pulled up another empty hook in its effort to consummate a new treaty with Panama extending that country's jurisdiction and expanding its monetary take in the Canal Zone. The Senate appears to have other matters on its mind at the moment, while House members have introduced a multitude of resolutions opposing ratification. Now, with the Panamanians themselves expressing dissatisfaction, the whole proposal seems destined for quiet diplomatic interment.

◆ Reports of life in the Democratic National Committee have been exaggerated. And looking ahead to next year's Republican challenge, some Capitol Hill Democrats are chafing over the President's apparent unwillingness to revive the DNC, despite the need to strengthen party organization on state and local levels. The problem goes back to the Fifties, when then Senate Majority Leader Johnson and Speaker Rayburn, the party's congressional leaders, were at odds with Adlai Stevenson's ADA-oriented chairmen. Following that period, there was the Kennedy-packed DNC of the early Sixties, the organization inherited by Mr. Johnson when he moved into the White House. Given a choice of reorganizing the Committee (which would have led to charges of an anti-Kennedy purge), or re-routing its major political operation (e.g. the President's Club) through his own agencies, the President took the latter course. So the DNC rests in peace, at least for the moment. Should congressional and other party pressures build, however, the President may relent. If so, look for the resignation of Kennedyite John Bailey as the first sign of life.

◆ Despite last month's disruption of the House chamber by Jesse Gray's Harlem delegation, members of Congress appear little disposed to put sharp teeth into the law protecting against such incidents. The most recent offenders received the same $10 fine given the American Nazi Party member who invaded the chamber, in blackface, during an opening joint session several years ago (the same Nazi, incidentally, who is now charged with killing Rockwell). But rules are getting stiffer for demonstrators on the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, with the National Park Service now permitting only one hundred protesters at a time in front of the White House and 500 across the street in Lafayette Park. The going rate for violations is now $500 or six months in jail, BYOACLU.

◆ The Congress that opened amid talk of nothing but the misadventures of Adam Clayton Powell is now approaching its final furious weeks with the onetime swinging chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee all but forgotten. Scuttlebutt now is that Powell will never return to the House, but most alarming of all to a man of his ego, it has really ceased to matter to most members whether he does or doesn't, since whatever power and influence he formerly wielded has been irretrievably lost. —CATO

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body had to be blamed. I was." Well, perhaps no one would have blamed Matthews quite so much had not the *Times* chosen to trumpet his articles in 1959 with the announcement that, owing to them, Castro "attained a new level of importance on the Cuban scene" and had not Matthews himself bolstered his authority by consulting with State Department officials, booming Castro all the way.

The rest is—Clio's department. Permit a journalist a moment of philosophical reflection, a moment in which, on the brink of one's departure from the *Times*, one might even fondle one's condition, one's lonely eminence: "Looking back over the kaleidoscopic changes in the world during these 45 years . . . there is, at least, a residue of satisfaction in thinking that one did not always go the way of the crowd. A newspaperman walks with the great of many lands, but he must go his own way—right to the end of the road." It would be altogether suitable for Mr. Matthews to retire to Cuba, to appraise the quality of the life there that he—and Clio—brought to that happy island.

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The Public Sector Goes to Pot in Saigon
Or,
At Sea in a Fuming Bus

The following is taken from a column, "Upside Down," by Nguyen Van Tao, as published in the Vietnam Guardian, *Saigon. It is offered by way of enlightenment to those concerned with administrative and other reforms in the South Vietnamese government.*

Buses are a species which is dying out, especially in Saigon. Big transports may not thrive in this capital of little South Vietnam. We did have tramways when the French were here. Them gone, trams disappeared. We did have railways. They showed a deficit, because the Vietcong blew up tracks and carriages. And train soon stopped running.

We still have buses. Those which operate in the countryside pay taxes to both government and Vietcong and prosper more or less, or at least manage to survive. They are private-owned. Those which operate in the secure metropolis pay taxes to none and are on their way to extinction. They are state-managed. It looks as if taxes do not kill but stimulate. That is the peculiarity of Vietnamese economy. No wonder that the more Mr. Thanh raises his taxes, the more people demand Mercedes, Fords, Fiats, Vespas, Lambrettas, Hondas and Suzukis. Why then not let private individuals or groups run the metropolitan buses? They may be taxed heavily and prosper fast.

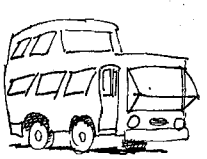
We still have airways, too. The queen of transports, rapid, comfortable, serviceable and elegant. Which are you talking about? PanAmerican. Scandinavian or BOAC? Months ago, I went to the Air-Vietnam's Consignment Office at the old Railways Station to take my luggage out. I found my hand bag squeezed under a big wooden-crate. The bottle of My-Ca I had been stupid to put in it broke and spoiled my suit and shirts, the staff might have been learned not to discriminate between nationalities, which is good, but they need learn to discriminate between canvas bags and wooden crates. Yet rumors say they are showing a deficit. Here too, taxes may be a stimulant. A state-controlled business staff should learn the art of private management. Here too, security and subsidy do not pay as it looks. The white-headed boy is free with parental money. Something one should ponder over, isn't it? But who should? Not the public anyhow, though airways is a public utility.

Here, you may kick your heels and try your impatience. Don't marvel at the patience of all those people who are kicking theirs. It is best called resignation, forced resignation. They simply have no alternative, or exactly no money to pay themselves an alternative. You may read every word of your paper, ads and all. You may start guessing what they could have said in the blank spaces in it, your bus will give you all the leisure you must need. And if she happens to fume in, you must be quick in using your four limbs to fight through any apertures she can be provided with, doors front and rear, windows left and right, or through her roof if you may find a hole up there. It is the best time of the day for you to wish you were born a Tom Thumb.

But mind you, your usual bus may not usually run your way. Don't ask the driver. He will say, "I don't know," if he is in a talking mood. Don't ask the conductor, he too, will say, "I don't know," and if a good fellow he will add "Ask the driver." Don't ask your co-passengers. Of course, they don't know. The nicest ones may suggest out of long personal experience, "Well, if she runs your way, you stay. If not, you get off, and fight for another bus till you get the right one."

And the right one may break down on the way. Or she may stop somewhere for the driver to have a drink. Or she may be said to get something wrong for you to get off and for her to turn back. Or she may get on without a notice. As much as no one respects established price lists and schedules in Vietnamese economy, no one respects schedules and itineraries in Vietnamese bus company, let alone has consideration for passengers. Public services are becoming public bullies.

How much I regret the day the buses freshly came from Australia, spick and span, and the beautiful speeches which welcomed them! Now, look at them.



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Ilya Ehrenburg, RIP

At the height of Stalinist terrorism during the 1930s Boris Pasternak naively informed Ilya Ehrenburg that he believed that Russia's agony might be alleviated if only someone could get the *truth* to Comrade Stalin. But Ehrenburg was not so unsophisticated; he knew that Stalin was nothing more than a common tyrant. Confronted with the horror of Stalinist totalitarianism, Ehrenburg chose survival over heroism. He lent his great talents not to the cause of freedom but to Stalinism; and as the flower of the Russian intelligentsia fell before the great purges, Ehrenburg survived. He became an apologist for one of the most brutal dictators in the history of Russia. "It is not so much my books," he later noted in his autobiography, "as my life that has been and will be criticized. But I cannot begin my life anew. I have admitted my many mistakes . . . too often to assume the role of an aged mentor." And yet this is exactly what he sought to become in his final years, a mentor to the new generation of Soviet writers. After Stalin's death in 1953 he published his most famous novel, *The Thaw,* which was highly critical of life under Stalin; but it came too late—as he well knew—to redeem his Stalinist prostitution. His advocacy of freedom was dwarfed by the sacrifices of Pasternak and Yuri Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky. History will remember Ilya Ehrenburg not as a freedom fighter, but as an artist who placed survival above art; an intellectual who witnessed the evil of Stalinism and chose to remain silent; and as a master of Russian prose who spent his talents on propaganda. *Omnia mors aequat.*

THE NR POLL

Results of the first ballot in the new Candidate Supplement of the *NR* poll are in. Let's get right to the figures and leave the analysis till later.

#1 Please list the five men whom—as of right now—you consider the *leading* contenders for the Republican Presidential nomination *in order of your estimate of their current chances of receiving the nomination* (do NOT vote your preference here; see 2):

Votes	Nixon	Reagan	Romney	Percy	Rockefeller
1st	645	158	223	7	65
2nd	274	307	273	14	110
3rd	109	376	254	75	214
4th	36	187	136	241	335
5th	17	41	37	413	189

#2 If the choice were narrowed down to the *three* top contenders you listed above, how would you pick them *right now* (here, rank the top three in order of *your own preference*):

Votes	Nixon	Reagan	Romney	Percy	Rockefeller
1st	425	587	33	7	20
2nd	487	312	99	24	64
3rd	72	55	386	76	170

#3 Which of the top five Republican contenders you listed above has the *best chance* (again, regardless of your own personal preference) to defeat the Democratic nominee if the Democratic nominee is: *A*-President Lyndon B. Johnson, *B*-Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, *C*-Senator Robert F. Kennedy:

	Nixon	Reagan	Romney	Percy	Rockefeller
LBJ	396	378	133	8	115
HHH	396	353	115	12	84
RFK	211	553	72	48	95

Nixon is way out in front (645, to 223 for Romney) according to *NR* readers, though most would prefer Reagan (587 to 425 for Nixon). Nixon, the readers feel, has the best chance of beating Johnson (396 votes to 378 for Reagan), with Romney a distant third. Why does Romney stand such a good chance of getting the nomination with such poor prospects in November? We wonder about that too. An interesting figure at the bottom of the statistical table: If Robert Kennedy is the Democratic nominee, Reagan is the overwhelming choice as the man most likely to beat him (553 votes to 211 for Nixon).

There are some surprises among the lesser candidates. The *NR* voters don't think Rockefeller has much of a shot at the nomination (question #1), don't like him very much (question #2), but feel he would make a relatively strong candidate. He's a close fourth to Romney in question #3. Charles Percy has seven hard-core believers among the voters, with an eighth who will go for Percy as the top choice against LBJ.

My Most Recent Position

I have changed my mind . . . .
Gov. George Romney

My fellow Americans: As you recall,
Last summer . . . or winter . . . or was it the fall?
I flew to Vietnam in an effort to find
Some*body,* or *some*thing, to make up my mind.
As a former executive working for Ford—
Or was it GM? *Anyway,* I abhorred
Any guy who would wallow around, then make
A decision that Rambler was crazy to take.
(That's American Motors I worked for, not Ford.)
Anyway, like I say, I'm a guy who abhorred
Indecisiveness on the production line,
Which is why I've decided it's time to define
What I think is our only acceptable course,
And, golly, I'm sailing with Senator Morse.

W.H. VON DREELE

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Dwight Eisenhower's 'Proposal for Our Time'

'An idea whose time has come' is how Admiral Strauss describes the Eisenhower plan for huge atomic desalting plants to give the Near East what it needs most—water

LEWIS L. STRAUSS

For in the wilderness shall water break forth and streams in the desert.
Isaiah 43:20

Although a shortage of sweet water has begun to threaten some areas of our country, we have been so blessed with natural resources that an abundance of water for human consumption, agriculture and industry has always been taken for granted—like the air we breathe. Pollution, it is true, has now begun to contaminate both our air and water, but we have a few years of grace to correct abuses which, unchecked, could make life on our portion of the planet intolerable.

There are parts of the world, however, where an adequate supply of fresh water has always been lacking, and this is glaringly true of a large area eastward of the Mediterranean between latitudes 30° and 34°. From the most ancient times in those lands now divided between Israel and her Arab neighbors, water has been a rare and treasured resource. The earliest occupants of the country guarded their individual wells and springs with their lives, and battles were fought to possess or to retain them.

With the increase of populations in recent decades, contention for the available water resources has also increased. Scientific hydrology and modern well-drilling have tempered tensions, but only temporarily as the point of diminishing returns has been reached in the search for new sources of water. Thus, even though not the proximate cause of the recent hostilities, shortage of water is a fundamental basis of rivalry, hatred and war in the Middle East. Populations unable to grow enough to feed themselves are obviously unable to produce a surplus for export and thus create wealth upon which to base improved living standards and peace.

Diplomacy and military measures alike have proved powerless to transform a situation which only life-giving water in great quantities can alleviate. This was true in the days of the Bible, and there has been no change in the intervening millennia. "Any source of water," writes Nelson Glueck, the distinguished archeologist, "however small and brackish, as long as it is drinkable, is accounted precious . . . Even chance pools collected in hollows or wadi beds after the brief winter rains are not neglected. I have seen modern Bedouins pitch their tents by them until nothing was left but a rapidly drying patch of mud . . . Men and tribes fight bitterly over wells and cisterns."

Desalination Advances

The situation in 1967 is as it has always been—apart from rainfall so seasonal that for more than half of the year there is no rain, the water supply of the region comes from wells, a few insignificant streams, and from the Jordan. That river, by our American standards, is not more than a creek, its flow being about 1 per cent of that of the Nile. A proposal for its equitable and wise distribution, worked out between 1953 and 1955 by the late Eric Johnston, was denied approval by the Arab countries on political grounds although the technical aspects of the plan had the endorsement of their engineers. Much of the Jordan still runs down into the Dead Sea, there to waste its once sweet waters in that poisonous brine.

On June 16, 1954 President Eisenhower, who had sent Johnston on his mission, wrote me a note which read in part, "I can think of no scientific success of all time that would equal this [desalting of sea water] in its boon to mankind—provided the solution could do the job on a massive scale and cheaply." The two criteria which the President established—"massive scale" and "cheaply"—were at that date not yet within the reach of technology. The simple desalting of sea water by distillation presented no problem in small batches. It was regular procedure on many ships and shore installations where the amounts required were measured only in thousands of gallons and cost was not a severely limiting consideration. Water to drink can bear a relatively high cost in cents per gallon, whereas for industry and agriculture it would have to be produced in millions of gallons and at a cost of much less than one mill per gallon. Nuclear energy seemed to point a way to the realization of this goal but not a clear way, for in 1954 the cost of thermal kilowatts derived from nuclear reactors far exceeded the cost of energy derived from the combustion of coal or oil.

President Eisenhower's Plan

Soon, however, it was learned that by scaling up the size of nuclear power plants and by improved design of the cores, there was a marked reduction in the cost of the output. In 1961, for example, using heat from a nuclear reactor to evaporate sea water could produce distilled sweet water at about $1 per thousand gallons. Barely five years later, by continued improvements in the nuclear fuel elements and by enlargement of plants, the cost per thousand gallons of fresh water has been calculated at a little over 21 cents per 1,000 gallons. New reactor principles and the development of desalting procedures by methods more sophisticated than simple distillation will further lower the estimated cost of fresh water.

On August 13, 1958, addressing the

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General Assembly of the United Nations, President Eisenhower dealt with the crisis in the Near East where, by the prompt dispatch of our armed forces to Lebanon, a catastrophe had been averted. Then, speaking of the great surge of Arab nationalism, he recommended a program for the development of the region, and high on the agenda placed "action to solve one of the major challenges of the Near East, the great common shortage —water." "New horizons," he said, "are opening for the desalting of water. The ancient problem of water is on the threshold of solution: Energy, determination and science will carry it over that threshold."

With these two statements of 1954 and 1958 in mind, General Eisenhower had before him during the first week of this past June a memorandum, a proposal for our time (as follows):

Attention to the debates in the United Nations since the end of May must convince the observer that an end to the trouble in the Near East is not in sight. The introduction of a new and dramatic element will be required to establish a climate in which peace can begin to be negotiated. The "lie direct" has been exchanged so often that men can hardly be expected to reach agreement by rational discussion in the atmosphere which has been created.

The two fundamental problems in the Near East are a) water, and b) displaced populations. It is these issues, basically, which have exacerbated relationships in that area over the years, and it has been proved that they are not to be resolved by political or military measures. But by a simple, bold and imaginative step, it is in our power to solve both problems.

Incorporate for Fresh Water

Let a corporation be formed with a charter for which there is recent precedent, having the Government subscribe to one-half the stock, the balance to be offered for public subscription in the security markets of the world. The amount thus to be raised, say $200,000,000, would be used to begin construction of the first of three large nuclear plants for the dual purpose of producing electrical energy and desalting sea water, with emphasis on the latter purpose.

Two of the installations would be located at appropriate points on the Mediterranean coast of Israel and a smaller one at the northern end of the Gulf of Aqaba in either Jordan or Israel, as the most suitable terrain may dictate. Design and construction contracts would be let on bids in the several countries which have had experience in building large nuclear reactors, i.e., the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Canada and perhaps the USSR.

The cost of the plants, beyond the sum raised by subscription to the common stock, would be financed in succeeding steps by an international marketing of convertible debentures. These would bear no interest for the first years (approximately the time required to construct the first plant).

Operation of the plants would be made the responsibility of the International Atomic Energy Agency, of which agency each of the major belligerents, fortunately, is a member, and that agency would also have jurisdiction and control of reprocessing of fuel elements to insure that all nuclear material was accounted for. The International Atomic Energy Agency would act as trustee for the owners of the stock and would dispose of the power and water, and service the securities with the proceeds.

During the Eisenhower Administration, the United States allocated for peaceful uses overseas considerably more than sufficient uranium to fuel these installations, and it is still available. The first plant would be designed to produce daily the equivalent of some 450,000,000 gallons of fresh water (incidentally, I am informed, more than the combined flow of the three main tributaries which make up the Jordan River north of the Sea of Galilee). It would also produce an amount of power which, though well in excess of the present needs of the area, would attract industry. Industries such as aluminum and heavy chemicals seek low-cost power and locate to take advantage of it. It will also be profitable with cheap power to make the nitrogenous fertilizers needed in the Middle East and beyond. The power would be used to pump fresh water into the water-starved areas of Israel, Jordan and other Arab countries—perhaps even including part of Egypt east of the Nile Valley. (Presently, 20 per cent of all the power produced in Israel must be used to pump water.)

The introduction of fresh water from all three plants into the arid and semi-arid areas would have the effect of opening to settlement many hundred square miles, part of which in ancient times supported now vanished settlements, and other areas which heretofore have never supported human life (other than on a nomadic basis). The blood-stained controversy over the division of the waters of the Jordan would become de minimis.

The work of building the great plants, laying the pipelines, constructing holding reservoirs (to allow for temporary shutdowns for maintenance), power lines, irrigation

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ditches, etc. will absorb the unskilled labor of thousands of displaced persons and the skilled work of many hundreds. When the plants are in operation, the greater part of the labor force could be settled in irrigated areas under conditions far superior to any life that they have ever experienced.

Solely as a measure of magnitude and without invidious comparison, it might be noted that the *completed* project will represent substantially less than one-third of our annual expenditure on the moon program. It should return its cost and then yield income in perpetuity, not only retiring the borrowings incurred but rewarding the governments and individuals which demonstrate vision enough to subscribe to it initially.

Cooperation of the Arab and Israeli governments will be necessary in order to agree upon a modus vivendi for allocating water and power, and it will be apparent that any government which simply declined to discuss it would have to answer to its citizens sooner or later. Water is an eloquent advocate for reason.

Should LBJ Follow Suit?

Were the President of the United States to electrify the world by such a proposal, as President Eisenhower did in his Atoms-for-Peace speech to the United Nations in 1953, it would be hailed by millions who now can see no way out of the morass in which the powers are presently floundering. The threat of triggering more widespread war is inherent in the situation as it now stands, while the proposal might well be the beginning of peace and a new life in these ancient lands.

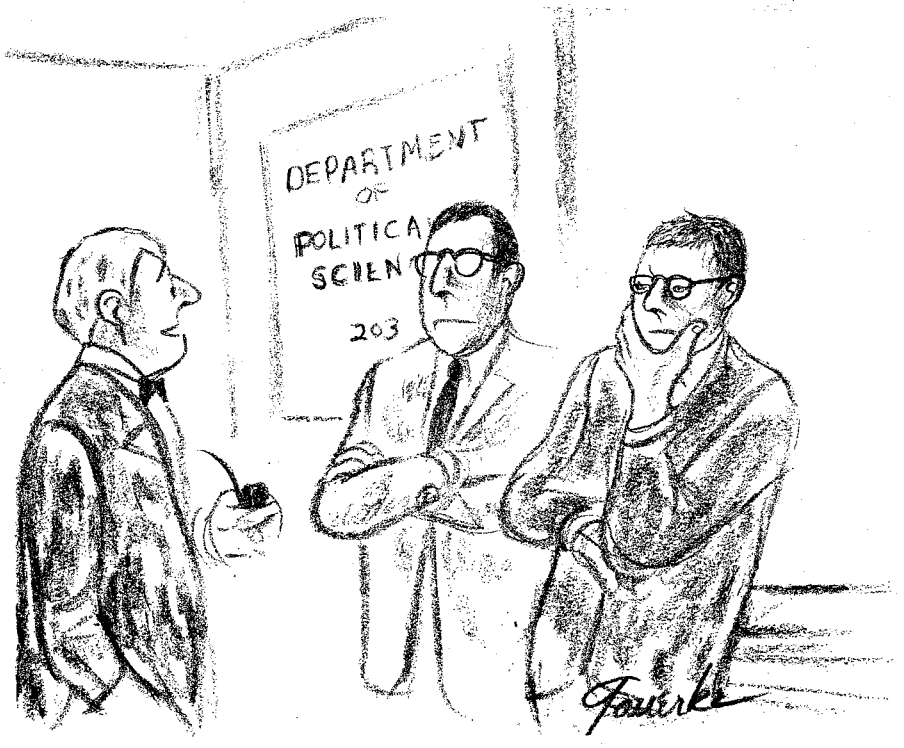
The proposal, of course, does not settle boundary disputes, shipping routes and other acute but temporary issues now confronting the belligerents, yet settlement of these would be immensely accelerated by the pressure from all sides to get ahead with such a project where delay can only be counted in human lives and misery. It could be announced by the President that no affirmative steps would be taken until negotiations at least began. In the atmosphere that would follow such a proposal, the leaders of the Near Eastern countries could be invited to come together on the basis of the proposal and for no other immediate purpose. Happily, they have a common and, thus far, unembarrassed forum in the International Atomic Energy Agency.

Private capital in both the United States and Great Britain would certainly respond to the challenge of such an enterprise on the initiative of the Government.

(Critics of the proposal will argue that the cost of desalted water, if it exceeds 15 cents per thousand gallons, will be too high for agriculture [though much farming can use water at substantially more than this figure]. There was an identical cost objection by those who once counseled the Atomic Energy Commission that the development of electrical energy from nuclear fission would never be economic. Although that advice came from respected scientific quarters, it proved to be over-pessimistic. It was found that the cost per kilowatt hour fell very rapidly as the size of plants increased — from an estimated 18 mills per kwh to less than 3 mills, and the cost is still going down. Within the last year, nuclear power has become fully competitive with power conventionally produced, and more than half of the new power plants contracted in the United States in 1966 are nuclear. The same factors will lower the cost of fresh water.)

General Eisenhower communicated the substance of this memorandum to President Johnson and it is understood that the President and his advisers are giving it consideration. On July 28, the appointment of an interim Director of Water for Peace was announced by the State Department. The ideas expressed in the memorandum have undoubtedly occurred in one form or another to others concerned with the threat to world peace in the Near East. And if, indeed, there are many versions of the idea, it may be evidence of the truth that nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. It would be an inspiration for this generation and for those who come after us to see the vision of Isaiah realized:

"The wilderness and the parched land shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing . . . and the tongue of the dumb shall sing . . . for in the wilderness shall water break forth and streams in the desert. And the glowing sand shall become a pool and the thirsty ground springs of water. In the habitation of the jackals, herds shall lay down and there shall be grass. . . ."



"Can't we include just one Republican in the department— as a sort of curiosity, of course?"

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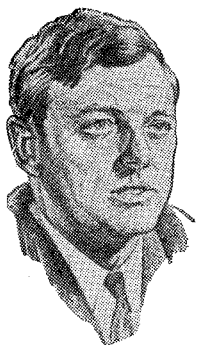
The Conscience of George Lincoln Rockwell

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Surely George Lincoln Rockwell was insane. And yet . . . the problem is interesting not only for the moralists but for the jurists, who struggle for a serviceable codification of culpability. Was Rockwell personally responsible for his genocidal writhings? Was he in the least troubled by them?



Buckley

I am at liberty now to divulge a correspondence. I had known Rockwell slightly, back before his mania hit him. And he was given, from time to time, to writing me obscene communications and, publicly, to mocking what he considered my pseudo-conservatism. But in March of 1964, apparently stung by a public reference I had made to him as a moral maniac, he wrote me: "I would be most grateful if you would take the time to send me a reasoned statement showing that what I preach and have fought so hard for and have sacrificed so much for is a 'mania.' I can assure you that I will not expose or print any such letter. [If you convince me], I will not only quit, but I will go to work to repair such damage as I have caused by my political efforts. . . If you can do this much for me, Bill, for God's sake please do it."

A 'Cry for Help'

I was struck by this letter, so obviously what the psychologists classify as 'a cry for help,' that cry which is so often made by those in despair even if they do not themselves recognize it as such. The non-totalist tone suggested the barest possibility of that revival of spiritual modesty which necessarily precedes conversion.

I replied that I was unqualified to communicate with authority the theological depths of Christian teachings on race hatred and related matters and asked whether he would consent to see a young priest, an old friend of mine, brilliantly learned and persuasive, and adamantly anti-liberal—so as to ensure at least one common denominator.

Priest Accepts Challenge

I had expected Rockwell would turn down the suggestion. He didn't. "I will be most happy to talk with the priest and assure you I will treat the matter most honorably and confidentially. . . . Is it possible the priest could come down here?"

I inquired, and Father Jude (as I shall call him) agreed, though specifying that the clandestine meeting should be at a rectory, not at Rockwell's headquarters. The meeting having been arranged, Rockwell wrote him: "I want to be sure you understand from the outset that in agreeing to discuss these matters with me, you are accepting a challenge which no other man before you has attempted. No matter what you think now, I am not an evil person, and am as sincere in my beliefs as any human being who ever walked the earth." And then a most extraordinary, though I think unintentional condescension, revealing the depths of Rockwell's moral insanity and perverse innocence: "I cannot help feel that you will be hurt if you are unsuccessful in demonstrating error in our factual beliefs or reasoning. I despise hurting people—in spite of the propaganda about me."

The meeting took place. Two hours together. Rockwell wrote me: "I enjoyed the talk with Father Jude more than I am able to put into words, and it cleared up a lot of hazy areas in my thinking, at least. Sadly, it also exposed what is incontrovertibly an impassable chasm between our two worlds. I did not believe that was the case, or even possible—but if your thinking parallels the Father's then we are men of two different worlds."

And Father Jude wrote me a long letter. An excerpt: "G.R. is oddly personable, in a heavy, rude way, and not incapable of winning over single people of the same stripe. But that is the end of it. He is gross (I read his book on the way home), fanatical, and urges criminally insane suggestions on his readers. . . On the surface he doesn't have any scruples about the morals of the Nazi movement. The only sign of hope is his desire to go on talking. He is a Nazi of the true, vulgar, 1937 variety. His mind is a disaster area, corrupted by snap verbal comparisons, e.g., Jews are like termites, Hitler suffered for his people like Christ. Under pressure he admits that the only relationship between his movement and NATIONAL REVIEW conservatism is that both are anti-Communist. I pointed out that if he causes one person to vote for him as a Nazi, he will have corrupted that person. I drew a blank."

He Might Have Been Saved

Father Jude never heard again from Rockwell, which was discouraging; and neither did I, which was encouraging—he had evidently lost his appetite to write me his customary provocation. But the episode showed that even Rockwell had the glimmering of a conscience, and sometimes that conscience stirred like a three-month fetus; and that he might, just might one day have turned upon himself with the fury with which he assaulted others during his last years, and thus might, just might, have won redemption.

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McNamara's Non-War

A sober analysis of McNamara's analysis of the war in Vietnam. Mr. Burnham asks if the Secretary isn't preparing himself, and us, for a pullout?

JAMES BURNHAM

In the form of a statement, August 25, to the Senate Armed Services Committee, Secretary of Defense McNamara offered the most elaborate apologia yet made by the Johnson Administration for, specifically, "our conduct of the air war in Vietnam," and, by implication, for the Vietnam policy in general. Mr. McNamara is a formidable advocate. He invariably presents his case with logical rigor, confidently uttered statistics and a notable absence of sentiment. Before trying to pass judgment on his conclusions, it is advisable to make sure we understand what he is saying.

First, Mr. McNamara states "the objectives that the bombing of North Vietnamese targets was intended to serve. . . . Our primary objective was to reduce the flow and/or to increase the cost of the continued infiltration of men and supplies from North to South Vietnam." Second, "it was anticipated that these air operations would raise the morale of the South Vietnamese people. . . . Finally, we hoped to make clear to the North Vietnamese leadership that so long as they continued their aggression against the South they would have to pay a price in the North."

Let us note that the first and third objectives are here defined more modestly than the original public motivations for launching the bombings of the North. We were then encouraged to believe that the bombings would not merely "reduce the flow" from North to South, but virtually interdict it—to a point at which the VC-NVN forces in the South would become easy pickings. We were also told that the price the bombings would make the North pay would be high enough "to force Hanoi to the conference table."

Be that as it may, the bombing campaign "has been carefully tailored" and "aimed at selected targets of military significance, primarily the routes of infiltration. . . . Weighed against its stated objectives, the bombing campaign has been successful."

If we have achieved our objectives, what's all the shooting about?

Because the bombing campaign is only "a suplement to . . . the arduous ground war that we and our allies are waging in the South," achievement of our primary bombing objective does not mean complete interdiction of men and supplies from North to South. "The quantity of externally supplied material, other than food, required to support the VC-NVN forces in South Vietnam at about their current level of activity is very, very small. The reported figure is significantly under a hundred tons per day," and this can be brought in over a "highly diversified transportation system consisting of rails and roads and waterways" by any combination of "barges and sampans, trucks and footpower and even bicycles." The bombings make Hanoi's supplying operation "more difficult and costly," but do not reduce it below this minimum requirement. They are "hurting North Vietnam's war-making capability" and producing "some signs that war weariness is growing," but are not inducing Ho Chi Minh to call off his aggression or to agree to negotiate.

Step Up the Bombing?

Why not remove the restrictions on targets and step up the bombing pace, then? It is possible "to refine and improve our application of air power," but "a less discriminating bombing campaign" could make only a marginal difference. "There is no basis to believe that any bombing campaign, short of one which had population as its target, would by itself force Ho Chi Minh's regime into submission. . . . Nor would a decision to close [the ports of] Haiphong, Hongai and Campha, by whatever means, prevent the movement in and through North Vietnam of the essentials to continue their present level of military activity in South Vietnam. On the other side of the equation, our resort to a less selective campaign of air attack against the North would involve risks which at present I regard as too high to accept for this dubious prospect of successful results."

What's wrong, then, with this picture?

There's nothing wrong with it really—within the frame that Mr. McNamara has put around his canvas.

Let us examine the grand strategic and political assumptions within which Mr. McNamara defines the bombing objectives.

"[These bombing objectives] were and are entirely consistent with our limited purposes in Southeast Asia. We are not fighting for territorial purposes or to destroy existing governments. We are fighting there only

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to assure the people of South Vietnam the freedom to choose their own political and economic institutions." *Therefore* we do not have *an enemy* in Southeast Asia: and it is significant that in his entire statement the Defense Secretary never once uses the term, "the enemy." Since we have no enemy, there is no one we wish to "defeat," no one, that is to say, whose political will we are determined to force into line with our purpose by what military means are required. Since we have no enemy, we are not justified in injuring or killing anyone, except in the minor degree that may be incidentally necessary to our limited purpose. Thus, when Mr. McNamara asserts that "there is no bombing campaign, short of one which had population as its target, which would by itself force Ho Chi Minh's regime into submission," what he really means is that the kind of campaign relevant to the aim of bending, if not breaking, the will of the Ho Chi Minh regime is ruled out by his premises.

Knock Out Their Sanctuary

Mr. McNamara insists that our objective can be achieved only through the ground fighting in the South. In a direct sense this is certainly true within the limited frame. However, it is also certain that *if* aid from the outside were cut to a trivial level, it would then be far easier to clear up the situation in the South. It is a general law of the "liberation struggles" of our epoch that an outside support and sanctuary is ordinarily involved, and that without such an outside base the struggle usually fails. The anti-Communist fight in postwar Greece began making real and rapid progress when Tito's break with Stalin closed the Yugoslav-Greek border. Everyone knows that Yemen's revolutionary regime would not have lasted without Egyptian support.

Mr. McNamara may be correct in contending that the shipment south of the minimum hundred tons a day cannot be stopped by the direct physical effect of air bombing however much escalated. However, it could be stopped if the Ho Chi Minh regime (or a successor regime) decided to stop it, and such a decision is not inconceivable. Sustaining the revolutionary war in the South is surely not the topmost entry on North Vietnam's priority list. Ho Chi Minh and his colleagues want to unify all of what is now called "Vietnam"—which, historically, happens not to have been a unified nation nor populated by a single ethnic group: formerly the area was divided into the separate entities of Tonkin, Amman and Cochin China. But presumably they do not want to lose what they already have in the process, or to watch the North collapse around them. It is ridiculous to say, as some of our war critics do, that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese "will never give up" because they are inspired by "genuine nationalist fervor." The Germans and Japanese, not to mention the Carthaginians, were inspired by genuine nationalist fervor, and were all rather tough, but in the end they gave up—that is, yielded to the will of their opponents. There is some point at which any nation or people will yield, if the opponent is able and willing to put on pressure sufficient to reach that point.

The military supplies going from North to South Vietnam, like those staying in the North, come from the outside—mostly from China and the Soviet Union. Those reaching the South, that is to say, have been transshipped. Mr. McNamara makes much of the fact that North Vietnam is currently importing about 5,800 tons daily, and has a capacity for as much as 14,000 tons. By these figures he seeks to reinforce his argument that stepped-up bombing could not shut off the hundred tons daily needed to keep the VC-NVN going in the South. Even with the bombing or blocking of the main ports plus thorough bombing of roads and rail lines from China, a hundred tons could slip through into the North, just as it could make its way from there south. No doubt so. But closing the ports, keeping the rail lines and main roads knocked out and smashing all the airfields would of course greatly reduce the *total* volume of imports and immensely increase the cost, trouble and manpower needed to bring in the reduced supply.

Mr. McNamara's argument tacitly assumes that the critical one hundred tons would get precedence from Hanoi over everything needed or wanted in the North. This is implausible. Undoubtedly the urgent needs of the North itself—including its military and military-support needs—would come first. And what if the stepped-up bombing, though still short of directly taking "the population as its target," included destruction of the Red River irrigation system, and perhaps also destruction of rice and other food crops by biological or chemical means? Then, even more surely, food for the North would have to take precedence.

It might be added that a full-scale air campaign (restricted only from area bombing directly targeted against population—though even that restriction is not inevitable) would permit what we have so far failed to achieve: command of the air over North Vietnam. We have air superiority, but command of the air means the ability for aircraft to go where, when and how they choose. Smashing the rail and road lines from China, destroying or blocking the main ports and wrecking all the airfields would largely keep out the big hardware (missiles, big anti-aircraft and radar installations, etc.) that harasses our aircraft and would force the MiGs back to Chinese bases from which they could operate, if they did at all, only under severe handicaps. The lesser anti-aircraft defenses that remained would not be sufficient to inhibit air command—a prospect that would presumably be as gloomy for Hanoi as it would be pleasant for our pilots.

What Risks?

But bombing (or mining or blocking) the ports and taking out all the airfields—including the international field at Gialam—would "involve risks" that are "too high to accept"? What risks? Mr. McNamara did not name, but is assumed to have meant, risks of Chinese or Soviet intervention.

There does not seem to be a hell of a lot that the Soviet Union could do beyond what it is doing already. Mr. McNamara has continued to assure us, I believe justifiably, that our strategic nuclear force is sufficient to deter a Soviet nuclear attack. It is hard to see how Moscow can bring conventional forces to bear in Southeast Asia. After all, Moscow did nothing militarily a couple of months ago when its protégés in the Mideast—a

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region more important and more accessible to the Soviet Union—got clobbered.

Remembering Korea, it is harder to exclude direct Chinese intervention, but this does not seem very likely in the present circumstances. The Chinese would have a colossal logistics problem. Chiang's army and the Seventh Fleet threaten their lines of communication. And China seems to have enough to worry about at home. Moreover, for the West, Chinese intervention would be an opportunity as well as a danger. For example, it would present an adequate motivation for destroying the Chinese nuclear installations. No one, except the Chinese Communists, is going to feel unhappy if that is done.

It would be foolish to suggest that there would be no risk, but we have been living with much the same risk for many years now. And I believe it is not so much the risk of military intervention that is inhibiting the Administration. It is, rather, the risk of interfering with the policy of Soviet-American convergence that dominates, in the last analysis, the Administration's global thinking. It is not impossible that Moscow's sudden softening, last month, on the nuclear nonproliferation treaty that is so dear to State Department hearts was a kind of preventive seduction to forestall an all-out bombing campaign.

Suppose we assume that Mr. McNamara is correct in maintaining that no further step-up in bombing below the level where the risk becomes unacceptable would affect the conflict significantly. Then we either continue on essentially the present course, expand the ground war in the South massively, or pull out. In his statement Mr. McNamara really demonstrates that, granted the present assumptions and strictly limited objectives, the present course means a stalemate. In the end this stalemate would be broken; all stalemates are, in the end. But there is no likelihood that this would come about soon; it looks a good many years away. The question is, therefore, which side would be more likely to last it out?

Objectively, we could most certainly do so. Judged cold-bloodedly, this is still a minor affair for the United States. The $2 billion monthly bill is only 4 per cent of our gross national income. The casualties are only 15 per cent of those from domestic auto accidents. But subjectively it is doubtful, and becomes daily more doubtful, that we as a nation possess the needed patience and discipline. That is of course what the Communists count on, and they are probably right.

The Political Veto

An enlarged ground war in the South, then? Sufficiently enlarged—and, however many men we might get from our Asian allies, many more American soldiers would inevitably be involved in the enlargement—the minimum meaningful objective of securing South Vietnam against Communist takeover could almost certainly be accomplished. But this solution comes up, also, against a political veto: in this case, on domestic rather than foreign policy grounds. Adequate expansion would demand at least partial mobilization of the reserves and the economy; as Mr. Johnson sees it, along that unpopular road lies sure defeat in November 1968.

So, a pullout? We have reviewed many times in NATIONAL REVIEW the catastrophic consequences, for the West and our country, of a pullout. In a conversation the other night a naval officer—an Academy and War College graduate with experience beginning in World War II—was denouncing Mr. McNamara in vehement and often profane Navy language with the almost universal service demand to get in and smash the bastards or get out. So I asked him, "Get out to where?" He was suddenly silent for half a minute. "To San Diego," he said, as he of course could not help saying, because he is an honest as well as a savvy Navy man. He resumed his denunciation and demand for action, but from then on without the "or."

The meaning of the pullout alternative cannot be understood within the frame of the McNamara-defined objective: "to assure the people of South Vietnam the freedom to choose their own political and economic institutions." That is a proper objective, granted, but cannot be primary for this country; and in many analogous cases it has been dropped for the sake of other purposes—as with eastern Europe, Goa, Yemen, for example. What is fundamentally at stake in the Vietnam conflict, whether recognized or not, is the question whether the Communist enterprise will be blocked from further expansion into Southeast Asia, the Indian subcontinent, the South Seas and the Pacific and Indian oceans—an issue not unlike that in the West in the immediate postwar years. If we pull out of Vietnam, there is no prospect of a successful containment of this expansion, which would in a comparatively short while shift the global strategic balance decisively and perhaps finally against the West.

There are only these four alternatives for Vietnam: 1) a continuation of the present course and the stalemate, with the probability that we would weaken before the enemy; 2) a massively stepped-up air war against the North, with a reasonable chance that, released from the McNamara assumptions, it would bring an acceptable result with an extreme risk; 3) a massively stepped-up ground war in the South, with a reasonable, probably somewhat better, chance of an acceptable result, but at the probable cost of profound domestic resistance, not to speak of a probable Democratic defeat for the Presidency; 4) a pullout.

Is it possible that Mr. McNamara, by restricting his frame so that his analysis excluded all but the increasingly sterile first alternative, was in reality preparing himself psychologically, and perhaps the rest of us, for the catastrophic fourth?

Bobby In '72?

Grasses wither; roses fade.
Greta Garbo's an old maid.
Shirley Temple drove 'em wild
Only as a charming child.
Hubert Humphrey's getting on;
Even Lyndon's looking wan.
Personally, I believe
Time has something up its sleeve.
Politics plays funny tricks
Once you're pushing 46.

W. H. VON DREELE

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New Politics Comes to the Old Left

'To my knowledge there are no Communists in the National Conference for a New Politics' — Martin Luther King Jr. Oh hum!

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

One protested the malign repressions of the university administration in the fall. One snoozed on the tracks before troop shipments to Vietnam in the spring. One forsook employment to shame Mississippi during summer vacation.

There developed a certain flair, a generational rapport, that blurred the radical constituencies. Age counted more than allegiances, discipline and ideology were mastered by action. Civil rights action was not to be set in one neat compartment here, anti-war action in another there.

As the phenomenon became pronounced, it got a name—the New Left. But the coalescing of the Left did not stop there.

Discrimination by age and style fell to a more embracing vision, that of a united Left. Everybody kicking around the trade came to know it simply as "the movement."

The goal of the movement is revolution in the United States.

In August 1965 a group of thoroughbred radicals met, under the protective coloration of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, to issue a "Call for a New Politics." In effect, the call gave formal recognition to the movement, to the vision of a united Left.

It was addressed to "the unrepresented, the exploited, the alienated and the manipulated." Not a very stirring battle cry? To the Left, chronically the outs of American politics, it looked like a shortcut to revolution.

An interim committee was formed, and a permanent organization, the National Conference for New Politics, constituted in Chicago in June 1966.

The new group put together a prestigious list of sponsors, placed a couple of ads in the *New York Times* to raise funds (successfully), and flexed its muscle by supporting every peace candidate it could find (not so successfully).

Back to fundraising. The NCNP's finesse in this art is manifest in a letter uncovered by Mrs. Alice Widener. It is from Michael Wood, a former fundraiser for the National Student Association (the one who blew the whistle on CIA funding of that group), now NCNP national coordinator, to a staff member:

"Dear Marie (Runyan),

"Beg, borrow, or steal, I think 100,000 pieces of this letter,—or some modification of it—should go out to the lists which have served us best in the past: ACLU, *National Guardian, Ramparts,* and others. The SANE list, if you can get Naomi Pullman to steal it for us, would also be great!

"Whether or not it goes to our 8,000 is not so important to me. My concern is that we not miss this opportunity 1) to rake in a lot of bread, and 2) to expand our mailing list considerably.

"I may be all wet, but I think this appeal will be very effective: images of a third party representing a vastly expanding movement that grows more militant daily; *the* chance to *get* Johnson—the ugliest, most hated man of our times, the real (in contrast to the surrogates in congressional races) symbol of the horror of Vietnam and the ghettoes, and of the general ugliness and sickness of American life; the chance to build again, etc. . . .

"Fraternally, Michael Wood."

NCNP's Birthright

By spring of this year the NCNP was ready to claim its birthright: the formation of an all-Left united front to enter politics, possibly on the Presidential level. It was, by all odds, the most ambitious such undertaking since the Communist-run Progressive Party of 1948. The NCNP issued a "Call to Convention" inviting anybody who could hobble, hop or slither to the Palmer House in Chicago, over the Labor Day weekend just past.

Some 350 groups, local and national, of every hue, were invited to send delegates or observers. The organizers of the convention promised that it would be "non-exclusive" (a euphemism for "Communists welcome") and wholly democratic. Everybody seemed pleased with the arrangements. Publicity was copious. Registrations flooded in. The NCNP happily predicted attendance of 2,000 and ended up with almost twice that number. The talk was of "street revolution" and the "proletarian army."

On the ideological side, much was at stake. If an all-Left coalition were successfully formed, who would control it?

On the political side, were the rank and file of the convention competent to arrive democratically at sound positions?

And—a question that comes up at every mixed radical meeting—what to do about the Communists? (Image problems, you know.) Usually the question resolves itself in the contrapositive, as it did in this case: what would the Communists do about the convention? The answer is, they flooded it.

For a supposedly New Left affair, the Old Leftists of the Communist Party got a piece of the action early.

Labor columnist Victor Riesel reported, "At the last of its secret sessions, [the Communist Party's] general secretary, Gus Hall, point by point, stratagem by stratagem, laid out the tactics for intense infiltration of the National Conference for New Politics. . . . Hall told his own comrades at the closed, and hitherto unreported, National Committee session that the Chicago parley will have 2,000 delegates. Since there really is no way to control credentials at this

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political launching pad, Gus Hall plans to have quite a bloc present." And so he did.

Public instructions to the comrades, through the Communist press, were delicately worded but precise. For instance, a *Worker* editorial ("Open and Democratic") pointed out, "Practically anyone [This Means You!] interested in peace and freedom . . . can come to be heard and participate in the making of decisions—either as delegate or observer.

"All one has to do is get his union, his shopmates, his neighbors, his organization or his church group to pick him as their delegate. . . .

"With such an opportunity, there is no doubt that hundreds of delegates from every community in the nation will be at the New Politics convention in Chicago."

Such instructions, and publicity for the convention, were greatly facilitated by the proximity of the New Politics convention headquarters in Chicago (27 East Monroe) and the Midwest offices of the *Worker* (27 East Monroe), run by Ted Pearson. Traffic between the offices was heavy. Somebody from the *Worker* office was forever coming over for an interview with the NCNP staffers (a number of such interviews by Pearson and by Mike Davidow appeared in the *Worker*), or to help with the drudge work.

Meanwhile, backstage, the Dialogue between the CPUSA and the NCNP proceeded, not noticeably troubled by the New Left-Old Left enmities the press is so fond of reporting.

Example: "[Students for a Democratic Society leader Paul] Booth conceded that there might be Communists in his 5,000-member organization, but he rejected suggestions that the Communist Party might have infiltrated SDS. He said it was the other way around. Three SDS observers will attend the forthcoming convention of the Communist Party . . . and through lobbying would help the party's young generation of some 500 newly recruited members to 'democratize and radicalize' the Communist Party. . . . Patronizing remarks about the Communist Party, which was pictured as a coterie of 'tired bureaucrats and doctrinaires' were heard also from other young members of antiwar groups." —Paul Hoffman, the *N.Y. Times*, 6/10/66

There was, for instance, a letter from the Party, over the signature of Daniel Rubin, long-time youth director of the Party, to the NCNP, advising it that a seven-man delegation from the CP would be present at the convention.

The delegation was: Arnold Johnson, PR director for the Party; Thomas Dennis of Detroit; Mike Zagarell (who arrived fresh from the National Student Association convention at College Park, Md.); Gilbert Green; Roscoe Proctor; Claude Lightfoot; and James West.

Arnold Johnson's Letter

And then there was a letter from Arnold Johnson to Mike Wood asking permission for the Party to participate in the convention's Steering Committee. Something must have come of it, for Alice Widener revealed, "Since Arnold Johnson of the Communist Party conferred in Chicago with top NCNP executives at a Steering Committee meeting, July 29, 1967, it is probable that the coming convention will heed him."

Back at 27 East Monroe, Don Hamerquist of the Society for New Action Politics (SNAP) in Oregon, who was identified in an FBI report as a member of the National Committee of the CP, was pitching in. His extensive contacts throughout the movement were especially useful for making telephone invitations to various groups to send delegates to the convention. Among those Hamerquist called were Bettina Aptheker Kurzweil, Gil Green, Mike Myerson (a Berkeley hotblood and "honorary nephew" of Ho Chi Minh), and Lou Diskin, proprietor of the Party's publication outlet in Chicago, the Modern Bookstore.

By convention time, scores of known Party members were ready to lead delegations from various front groups into the Palmer House. However, the Party's only public showing was its official seven-man delegation.

Many of the Party members present, not having been identified as such under oath but known nevertheless to security agencies, cannot be named here (libel problems, you know). But enough of the names have found their way into sworn testimony to give some of the flavor.

John Abt, an attorney for the Party (the attorney Lee Harvey Oswald asked for after his arrest), was a member of the large delegation from New York including, among others, Joseph Brandt, general manager of the *Worker*. National Committee member Mike Eisenscher rigged and delivered intact the Wisconsin delegation. (Eisencher is Midwest director of the DuBois Clubs, about which more presently.)

Ishmael Flory, Lula Saffold and Al McPherson led the delegation from the Afro-American Heritage Association. Dorothy Hayes represented the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Also seen were Danny Queen, Dorothy Healey, head of the CP of southern California, LeRoy Wollins, Rose Chernin, Richard Criley and Jack Kling, all of Chicago.

A delegate called Dennis Schreiber, who went around with the Chicago group, but was apparently not of the group, remarked angrily to a friend during the course of events that the convention was a farce, and that all the convention's decisions had already been made for it in advance. The theory of backroom manipulation was wholeheartedly endorsed by a woman, a Trotskyite, who identified herself to newsmen only as Toni. Whether the Party was in or not on the backroom agreements can't be proved but certainly none of the resolutions ultimately passed by the convention did mortal hurt to the Party line. But to a certain extent the Conference was a failure for the Communist Party. One of its major objectives has been to set up a third party nationally, under respectable auspices, which it could use to flay President Johnson, and particularly his foreign policies. The vehicle was to be the National Conference for a New Politics. But the capitulation of the New Politics people to the Black Power militants tore the mask of respectability from the operation and compromised its usefulness to the CPUSA.

A number of nameable Communists from the unions attended, including Jesse Prosten of the Packinghouse Workers Union, and Charles Spencer and George Powers, both of local 1033 at the Republic Steel Corp. Prosten chaired one of the pre-convention workshops, "Independent Po-

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litical Action and the Labor Movement."

Jack "Hunter Pitts" O'Dell, a former aide to Martin Luther King, was there. So was Frank Wilkinson of the National Committee to Abolish HUAC, Rev. William Howard Melish, Carl Braden of the Southern Conference Education Fund (two of whose staff members, Al and Margaret McSurely, were arrested earlier in the month on sedition charges), and Marjorie Kinsella, secretary-treasurer of the Chicago Peace Council. The CPC is headquartered in a building which also houses the offices of the SDS and Veterans for Peace, and is owned by Party member John Rossen, who was present at the convention. Miss Kinsella co-chaired the workshop on "Women and Organizing a Revolutionary Movement" with—of all people!—Madalyn Murray O'Hair, much too much of an iconoclast to be a Communist.

Other workshops of interest: "Organizing Independent Politics in Rural Areas," directed by Fannie Lou Hamer, tart-tongued militant from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, and "Repression of the Movement and Political Defense," co-chaired by three experts, Donna Allen of Women Strike for Peace, Frank Wilkinson of the NCAHUAC, and C. T. Vivian of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

If the Communist Party presence was conspicuous, that of its youth arm, the DuBois Clubs, was even more so. Although closely tied to the CP, very often through blood relationships (a high percentage of the DuBois clubbers are sons and daughters of Party members, and many are themselves Party members), the DuBois clubs are generally held to be a part of the New Left. Procedurally, the DuBois clubbers followed the Party's example, arriving in swarms and with concealed intentions.

For all the appearances of Party rigging and influence, it was the Black Power militants who took the convention by storm. The Communist Party was pledged to support increased Black Power militancy, but it must have been caught by surprise by the actual onslaught.

There were representatives of the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM), Eboni, ACT, AAHA, SNCC, CORE, The Brothers, the Black Congress, the Lowndes County organization (The Black Panthers: a Stokely Carmichael fief) and others. They came, and were hailed, as the heroes of Detroit and Newark. They swaggered and all but wore their bandoliers. They snarled the most revolutionary slogans. They confided they'd alerted the brothers and passed out machetes. They soon pegged the convention as a pushover and—pushed it over.

The first Black Power maneuver was to demand passage of thirteen resolutions, every period in place, on pain of a Negro walkout. The convention grumped, but passed the whole slate. (Samples: "Total and unquestionable support" of wars of national liberation; and condemnation of the "imperialistic Zionist war." This latter was not well received by Jewish delegates, but "comedian" Dick Gregory put down the murmurs

LBJ—*No peace candidate named to oppose him.*

by remarking, "Every Jew in America over thirty years old knows another Jew that hates Negroes, and if we hate Jews, that's just even, baby."

Next, they demanded, and got, 50 per cent of the convention voting strength (a complicated voting system was used, weighting the vote to the actual memberships of groups represented. There were actually 56,000 votes available to the convention.)

It was all too easy for the black militants. They brought in large numbers of soul brothers, few of whom registered, and fewer of whom paid. They physically intimidated white delegates. They made away with reams of paper for their press releases. They turned their revolutionary slogans into resolutions, and forced their passage on the convention floor. A mystery figure, one Mashambe Eusi, seemed to be calling the Black Power shots.

"We and we alone have the responsibility to wage our own war of liberation," SNCC's James Forman declared to the convention, and by that time few of the delegates were inclined to disagree. "If you're not going to support us, you go your merry way and we're going to liberate you whether you want to be liberated or not."

The choicest bit of scuttlebutt to circulate the convention floor concerned a "Mr. Money" and a "Mrs. Money" (no relation), the principal angels of the gathering.

The identity of Mrs. Money became known rather quickly. She was Lucy (Mrs. Kenneth) Montgomery, described as a Chicago "civic leader." According to NCNP literature, Lucy Montgomery holds positions on the NCNP Executive Committee, on its Steering Committee, and on the Editorial Board of its newsletter. As the scuttlebutt had it, it would have been no trouble for her to put up the sizable deposit required by the Palmer House for the use of its facilities. Mrs. Montgomery has occasionally turned over her rather comfortable pad at 1000 Lakeshore Plaza to radical gatherings and, according to an attendee of one such meeting, knows perfectly well her neighbors think she's a Communist—and *they* are going to get it, "come the revolution." (Yes, that phrase is back in circulation.) Mrs. Montgomery is especially interested in the Black Power movement, and is on the friendliest of terms with several of its leaders, including C. T. Vivian.

Black Power also figures in the identification of "Mr. Money."

The "Mr. Money" rumors centered around Martin Peretz, a Harvard social sciences instructor who has had a fat wallet of late. Peretz, a hawk (Israeli) in the Middle East and an anti-Communist (albeit lackadaisical) at home, was understandably chagrined by the events in Chicago. Perhaps he'd like a refund now from NCNP, and who knows, if he took all that revolutionary shop-talk seriously, he might deploy his bankroll the other way, "come the revolution."

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The PEN in Africa

Congeniality is restored, controversy banished as Poets, Editors, Essayists and Novelists convene on a new continent. Even the Cubans are merry.

ALEC WAUGH

Between July 30 and August 5 the 35th Congress of the PEN Club was held on the Ivory Coast, in Abidjan. PEN (Poets, Editors, Essayists, Novelists) is an international association of writers that was founded in London in the winter of 1921-22 by Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, a sound-enough novelist but one who was more concerned with the fortunes of other writers than with her own. She was a catalyst. She enjoyed bringing writers together, entertaining them in her Cornish cottage and her house in London. During the war she founded the Tomorrow Club and in 1919 and 1920 a number of us would discuss our professional problems every Thursday evening in a long narrow upper room near Covent Garden. For a while it was a lot of fun; then, as such things tend to do, it began to wilt and shrivel. Mrs. Scott raised her sights. She began to plan internationally. Why not a group of linked Tomorrow Clubs with centers in Paris, Berlin, New York? The idea caught on. Today there are over eighty centers in forty different countries; the New York PEN Congress in 1966 was attended by 800 members and the fact that delegates from 35 centers should gather as far afield as the Ivory Coast is proof of the validity and vitality of Mrs. Scott's original conception.

John Galsworthy was PEN's first president. In 1922 there was in the air an optimistic sense of universal brotherhood. It was believed that wars only took place because nations were ignorant of their neighbors' natures. It was for writers to provide the explanation. "Writers of the world unite," in fact. Galsworthy may well have shared this pious aspiration. It was not realized; but PEN has always fought for freedom of speech. In the 1930s a Nazi-appointed German delegation found itself forced to leave the hall in the face of the meeting's contumely, and PEN is today constantly appealing—not by any means fruitlessly—on behalf of writers who are in trouble with their governments. Every center of PEN has to sign a charter committing itself to the safeguarding of freedom of speech. At each congress the charter is read out in French and English. It is, indeed, the unequivocal wording of the charter that has provided one of the obstacles to the formation of a center in the USSR.

Each separate center has its own pattern of activity—dinners, discussions, cocktail parties. But there is a set formula for the conduct of a congress. Administrative business is conducted by an International Executive Committee, which is composed of the official delegates, two from each center. Then there is the discussion of a general literary theme in which any member can participate. The work of the Executive Committee is determined by the number of resolutions that have been put forward by the various centers. Sometimes these resolutions are controversial, our friends from behind the Iron Curtain relishing an opportunity to snipe at their capitalist cousins. But at Abidjan there was little acrimony; PEN International President Arthur Miller, who conducted the meeting, ruling out of order a protest about North Vietnam; and the English resolution asking various governments to show clemency to writers who were in prison only taking up a good deal of time because the wording of the original draft lacked precision. The English resolution contained the codicil, "Since freedom implies voluntary restraint, members pledge themselves to oppose such evils of a free press as mendacious publication, deliberate falsehood and distortion of fact for political and personal ends."

The subject for general debate at Abidjan was "Legends and mythology as a source of inspiration in art and literature." To this were added two corollaries: the first, "Men between two languages—Would education in a foreign language provoke a severance from the original environment? If a bilinguist adopts the foreign language over his mother tongue, could he not be depersonalized to a certain extent?" The second dealt with traditional values in societies undergoing social transformation. Three full days were devoted to the discussion of the general theme, another was occupied with opening and closing speeches. The one free day was given to a picnic in the country, a highly enjoyable occasion.

Boring, But Bright in Spots

Attendance at the congress was a little smaller than usual because of the cost and distance of the trip and because it had been, at one time, feared that the congress would have to be canceled owing to an Ivorien reluctance to give visas to the South African and Cuban delegations. During the period of uncertainty a number of members made other summer plans. Even so, nearly two hundred members made the trip. The largest delegation was the French, headed by its President, Yves Gandon. Robert Goffin spoke for Belgium. Roger Caillois represented UNESCO. Paul Tabori was one of the English delegates. The President of the New York Center, Robert Halsband, was supported by Martin Tucker and Virginia Sorensen. There were Asian writers from Japan, Korea, Vietnam, India. There were African writers from Nigeria, Ghana and the Cameroons. Lebanon, Chile, the Argentine and New Zealand had their delegates. The USSR sent two observers. They could not, unfortunately, speak either French or English, but they brought an interpreter through whom they conveyed messages of good will.

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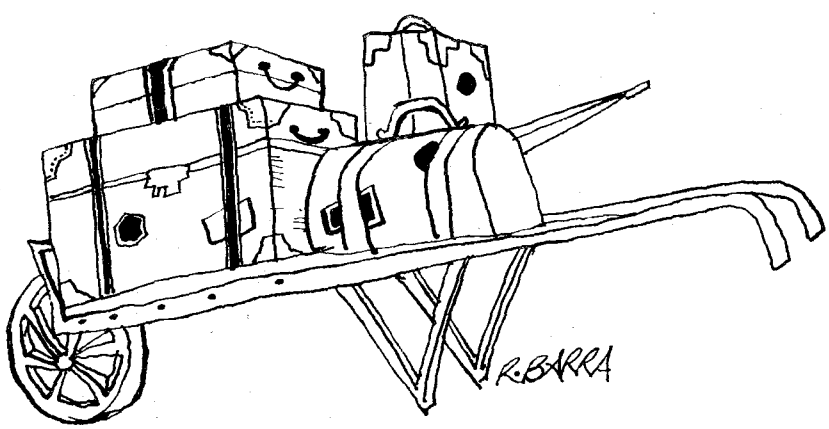
The conference theme was vague enough to admit digressions, and members availed themselves of its opportunities. There was no time limit for the reading of papers or interventions from the floor. Par for the course was fifteen minutes, but quite a number of members shot in the high twenties. It cannot be denied that proceedings were quite often boring; but there were bright intervals; there were several stimulating papers and lively interventions and the Cuban delegation was a constant source of entertainment. There were three of them, male, young, good-looking, vital and pugnacious. They had something to say and were resolved to say it, whether or not it had any bearing on the subject. One of them, for instance, started off by declaring that "we should carry this discussion into the living present, into the crux of the matter. The discussion and analysis of so-called primitive myths and their usefulness in literary creation as well as the problems of being split between two languages is beating about the bush. The actual problem is colonialization and neo-colonization." That opened the door to anything. Three minutes later he was protesting: "Now, although I look white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, I am actually a black man. Latin Americans are all black, discriminated, oppressed, rejected, ignored foreigners within this new farce that pretends to be universal." Yet it was all said with a twinkle in the eye. Everyone liked the Cubans. In his summing-up speech, the International Secretary, David Carver, paid a tribute to the gusto imported by "the young men from Havana."

And so it went on, with prolix academic disquisitions being lit by occasional fireworks, hour after hour until round about 5:30 the chairman called a halt, stumps were drawn and members were free to return to their hotels to prepare for whatever distraction the host center had provided. In this case it was a great, great deal. I have attended three-quarters of the congresses since the war and only in Japan have the guests been accorded as sumptuous and varied an entertainment as was provided by the Ivory Coast. There was a reception at the Presidential Palace, with the avenues guarded by cavalrymen in green and red tunics, high boots, breastplates and shining helmets with drawn sabers held before their faces. The boats in the lagoon outside the mayor's gardens were lit with torches, drums beat, native dancers undulated, champagne was ubiquitous. One or two embassies gave cocktail parties, there was a final banquet and ball in the city's chief hotel, and all these gatherings were given a special warmth of intimacy because of the long hours that we had spent together in the rotunda of the National Assembly listening to this and the other speech. By the end of the second day we had begun to know each other rather well, by the end of the week we had begun to know each other very well, and almost without exception we had come to like each other quite a lot.

It is this sense of kindredship that makes PEN congresses worth while. Some otherwise loyal members get impatient. "What does one get out of them?" they say. "We talk and talk but nothing significant gets said." I recently read a protest by Susan Sontag along those lines. Well, I have my answer for her there. One of the several good things I got out of the 1965 Yugoslavian congress was the pleasure that her presence at it gave me. One meets under very congenial conditions men and women basically congenial to oneself whom one rarely, if at all, meets in the casual course of life. I can date back more than one friendship and the consolidation into friendships of many acquaintanceships to PEN Club gatherings. I met Rosamund Lehman in 1927 before the publication of *Dusty Answer,* but we had never run across each other again until the camaraderie of the PEN congress in London in 1956 emboldened me to suggest that we should lunch together; and what I remember chiefly about the Zurich Congress of 1947, apart from an eloquent speech by Vercors on the propriety of admitting a German center, is a long evening in the garden of the Bar du Lac with Eric Linklater—a writer of whom I have not seen one-tenth as much as I would have liked.



The unexpected is always taking place. It comes, invariably, in the same kind of way. An academician who was invited to speak for fifteen minutes proses on for twenty-three. He is followed by an austere female from Central Europe, whose discourse wanders from the point. You switch your earphones into neutral. It is close on noon. The session is not due to end till one. You look round the room. You catch the eye of someone whom you slightly know. There is in his eye a conspiratorial glint. You creep out by separate doors and make for the nearest café. You may have known each other, but you have never had any point in common. Now you have; you are victims of a common fate, and as you sit over your aperitif you have the same sense of being at one that two soldiers have in an estaminet behind the lines after an engagement.

So Abidjan was a replica of its four and thirty predecessors; but it had this point of difference, and that a highly important one: it took place in Africa. It is only six years since the Ivory Coast achieved its independence, and it is exciting that it should have wanted so soon to join and entertain so generously an association of European, Asian and transatlantic writers. May it not be seen as the symbol of a new partnership between Africa and the rest of the world?

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Pleasures of the Vorarlberg

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

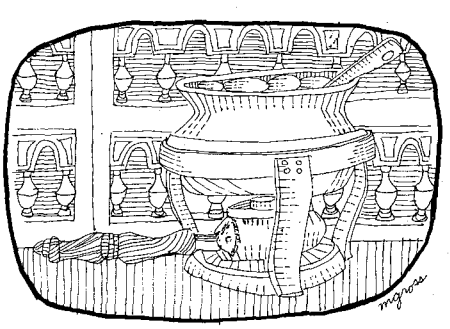
Bregenz

Europe, this August, has been a nightmare of traffic jams, and to judge from the horrible, horrible way the owners of the beetle cars and the fat Mercedes drive, they never wore shoes before they set foot in their cars. But there are still places where one can walk with pleasure, eat delightfully, enjoy scenery and art and spend a reasonable amount of money, which is not easy in an increasingly expensive Europe.

For the first time, I discovered the joys of the Vorarlberg, that province of Austria which ends at Lake Constance, in the West of the country. It has a ravishing, relaxed little capital, Bregenz, on the shimmering vast expanse of the lake where you can take dips from a grassy beach, watch from land a music festival staged on water on a floating stage (next year it'll be *The Merry Widow*), look at some excellent medieval and baroque churches and palaces, take side trips into high Alpine valleys where traditional folk dress is still worn on Sunday, and eat heavenly lake fish washed down with the light, lively wines of the surrounding hills, of which I especially recommend the red ones. I had one of the best meals of my life in a picturesque castle restaurant high over the town, built on some of the ruins of the Roman settlement on which Bregenz was founded. At the Burgrestaurant Gebhardsberg they gave us a clear soup with featherlight little dumplings, a "Felchen," the delicate, white lakefish, stuffed with mushrooms and a little ham and cooked in butter, and that classic Austrian dessert, Schlosserbuben (tinkers' boys), fresh plums wrapped in a little thin dough and crisply fried, so good that I wept when I could eat no more. So did the two strong men who were with me. In Feldkirch, another and very medieval town of the Vorarlberg which should be explored, we ate equally well at the Loewen, a venerable inn modernly refurnished without losing its character. The owner and his family have collected antiques for generations—baroque and Biedermeier and painted peasant furniture, clocks and pewterware. There we had the famous Vorarlberg Kaesespaetzle, little cheese dumplings that are delicious. As in all first-class Vorarlberg restaurants, the cooking is as sophisticated as any in Vienna and at least one third the price. And everybody speaks English, since the British have been coming for generations.

The Vorarlberg is great skiing country, and some of the grandest of hotels in Lech and Zuers and the other international places are open only in the winter. But there are plenty of extremely comfortable hotels, some even with indoor swimming pools, in all of the valleys. From there you can take sedate walks through meadows and fountains or indulge in true high Alpine climbing, making like chamois. What pleased me especially were the mountain hotels in the middle of the Silvretta and the Scesaplana range, up to seven thousand feet. Here, great dams have created icy turquoise lakes with machinery inside the rocks so that you'd never suspect that they produce a lot of power for Austria and Germany. I

Delectations



loved the lake at the end of the Brand valley, reached by cable car. After five, the cable car stops for the day, leaving you in utter silence and solitude if you walk a hundred feet from the hotel. Up on the lakes in the Montafon valley, the German Olympic teams were training for next year's Olympics in Mexico, to get them used to the high altitudes there. Of course, there are vacationing people in the Vorarlberg, but on the whole, they are the kind that come to walk and climb with their children. Many of them are Germans, and one of the mysteries of the *Deutsch* is why the women, the moment they set foot in Austria, feel compelled to wear dirndls, regardless of figure. *Lederhosen,* becoming only to young males, have at least the virtue of eternal wear, but why dirndls? And why do the German men gaze for hours and hours through binoculars at the mountains?

Closely related to the Vorarlberg by landscape, history, people, art and ways of living is one of my favorite regions in Switzerland, consisting of the cantons, St. Gall and Appenzell. They are far more Swiss and far less touristy than other Swiss parts, and also far less expensive. I recommend them highly to anybody looking for delightful little resorts with extremely comfortable country hotels and excellent food. You can take lovely walks or rides through some of Switzerland's most picturesque little towns and villages, meadows as high or low as you want, and of course, mountains, though they are not as high as the Jungfrau.

St. Gall is an industrial city—textiles, although you'd never think so from the way the gardens dominate the town. It makes the most famous lace in Central Europe, those lace curtains that cost a mint at Lord and Taylor—but not in St. Gall. The lace industry is centuries old, having started as a home industry, and in the lace museum you see lace so gossamer that you cannot understand how peasant women could have made it. Your heart aches for their eyes. St. Gall is also a great center for schools and colleges, where, as more than one Swiss father told me, the kids are really made to study. The center of the town is an old and picturesque one, and one of the outstanding features of the old houses is their protruding, heavily carved and decorated bay windows, put there by wives who wanted to know which direction their husbands came home from. Some of the interiors of the houses are very grand still, all paneled and lived in in style. But the

(Continued on p. 1034)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Private Schools Aren't Doomed

RUSSELL KIRK

CASSANDRAS predict the ruin of private and parochial schools, what with increasing federal and local taxation—much of it to support lavish public-school establishments. Some Catholic educators grow discouraged and talk of reducing their programs, or of giving up the ghost altogether.

But it need not be so. Were the destruction of non-public schools to occur, it would be a general misfortune, for that would be the total vanishing of religious instruction, the end of variety and much experiment in American education, and the loss of freedom of choice for parents and pupils. In some states, long-established private academies are hard pressed not merely in finance, but by state departments of public instruction which would compel or persuade them to conform to the public-school pattern—and to accept massive subsidies, together with state control, if not state absorption.

Kirk

One of the most heartening recent successes among private schools is that of the Westminster Academy, Northbrook, Illinois—north of Chicago, and drawing students all the way from La Grange, to the south, to Winnetka, northeast. Although Westminster opened its doors merely a year ago, it is accredited, has recruited an able faculty, has persuaded Dr. Philip Crane (author of *The Democrat's Dilemma*) to resign his professorship at Bradley University and become its director, and has won much public applause.

Its curriculum is galling to the latter-day Deweyite educationists. Westminster children begin to exercise their minds the day they are enrolled. Mathematics is taught as an exact discipline, from old-fangled textbooks. There is a good department of art. This being a Christian school, the King James version is studied half an hour each day. Economics is taught all the way from kindergarten through the eighth grade. Grammar "is regarded as a necessary tool of learning," and the textbook is *Grammar and Orthography*, by Dr. William Smeeth, founder and headmaster of the Academy of Basic Education, at Milwaukee. Geography is emphasized. German is required from kindgergarten up, and four-year-olds present the operetta *Hansel and Gretel* in German, music, costumes, scenery and all.

Ancient, world, American, and Christian history are offered. Music is not forgotten. As for penmanship, good printing is required until the first or second grade—and thereafter, cursive writing. In reading, the admirable Open Court series, using the phonetic method, is employed; also the McGuffey Eclectic Readers have come into their own once more. In literature, wide reading and careful book reports are expected. The physical sciences are included. Latin receives much attention. Hebrew is offered to "advanced students"—that is, pupils in the seventh or eighth grade; and Greek probably will be taught soon.

TUITION at Westminster is moderate enough for a good day-school: $325 for kindergartners, $600 from first to eighth grades.

A young mother, Mrs. Phil Cornes, is the principal founder and moving spirit of Westminster. She found the public schools of fashionable suburban Wilmette, where she lives, in captivity to the local PTA's ethos of sociability, the local educationists' bureaucratic sloganizing, and the local sociologists' abstract dogmas. Everything was mushy, soft and complacent. Once upon a time, Mrs. Cornes had shared this smugness. But she had awakened, and was determined to wake others. When she found that she could not move the school administrators, the school-board members, or the tea-drinking ladies of the PTA, she established her own school. Parents and pupils soon flocked to it. So did good teachers.

The local educationist establishment was indignant and alarmed at this secession: Marilyn Cornes was their Moise Tshombe. Eminent among the educationist-establishment crowd was a vehement eccentric, feminine gender, who would have been known as a kook—if only she had belonged to the Radical Right. Her neighbors refer to her as The Birchwatcher.

La Birchwatcher knows that insidious John Birchers are everywhere, plotting their *coup d'état*. Under the bed? Why not? Their name is legion. She subscribed enthusiastically to the dossiers of Group Research, Inc., and similar subsidized Birchwatchers (which gentry, in Senator Thruston Morton's phrase, "outbirch the Birchers").

WESTMINSTER ACADEMY, the Birchwatcher knew, must be a John Birch operation—for, like Fu Manchu, Mr. Welch is Protean. But she must have proof to present to the National Education Association. Most diligently she researched; she even drew up maps, with the site of Westminster Academy, the house of Mrs. Cornes, and the parsonage of Mrs. Cornes' clergyman-associate marked thereon with significant green triangles. But alas and lackaday! It turned out, even to the Birchwatcher's chagrined certitude, that Westminster and Mrs. Cornes hadn't the remotest connection with Robert Welch. So the Birchwatcher publicly informed the NEA and others that Westminster was *more* dangerous than the Birch Society. Why, should this sort of school succeed, public schools everywhere might go down the drain!

So true! Interested in the Birchwatcher's charges, the newspapers and television stations of Chicago sent their reporters and interviewers to interrogate Mrs. Cornes. But after a few minutes at Westminster, the reporters and the television folk loved the Academy and Mrs. Cornes, and said so, and wished her every success. So do I—though her Westminster Academy enjoys it already, most deservedly.

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The Relevance of Burke

JEFFREY HART

Russell Kirk's latest book is both elegant and eloquent, and it helps to fill a real need. During the last twenty-five years or so a great deal of specialized work has been done on Edmund Burke, but, though he has been the subject of numerous monographs and scholarly articles, there has appeared no single volume on him for the general intelligent reader, or for the good student first making his acquaintance. Such older studies as John Morley's are hopelessly out of date and misleading on many matters, while Carl Cone's magisterial volumes are at once too lengthy for ordinary purposes and excessively inconclusive for specialized ones.

Russell Kirk's *Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered* fits gracefully into the gap. He has an exciting story to tell, and he tells it well, tracing Burke's career and his political reflections as they were shaped by the five great issues of his time: the American War of Independence, reform in England, imperial policy in Ireland and in India, and the French Revolution. Kirk's scholarship is wide-ranging—I do not in fact know of a contemporary writer who has his command of intellectual "connection," often exhibited in a passing allusion—and of course he brings to bear his close knowledge of the vast array of modern Burke scholarship.

***Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered*, by Russell Kirk. Arlington House, $5.00**

Provided as we are with so good a book, it may seem churlish to ask for more, and in a book intended for the general educated reader that "more" might well have been felt as an intrusion. Still, I myself would have liked very much to have heard Russell Kirk's judgment on a number of issues that are "up" in Burke scholarship. He touches, for example, upon the work of Harvey Mansfield Jr., but we never find out whether or not he in fact accepts Mansfield's theory that Burke invented "political party" as a *riposte* to Bolingbroke's theory of "patriot" government. And the theoretical debate Mansfield describes has plenty of contemporary relevance: it is by no means obvious that political parties, as developed in the nineteenth century, are a permanent part of political life, and though from a nineteenth-century Whig point of view Bolingbroke's theory seemed archaic, this is not so obvious now. Russell Kirk's views on all this would be most valuable. The same kind of close question arises in another area—the effect on Burke of his relatives' financial entanglements. Kirk assures us that Burke was an innocent in such matters, and this may be so, and probably is, but the evidence is not all one way, particularly in connection with Richard Burke's West Indian affairs.

MORE IMPORTANT, questions do intrude about Burke's interpretation of English history. I myself am willing to say that he was substantially right, but he did mythologize a bit: the interesting theoretical question is, how much? It may be substantially true that Burke, as Russell Kirk says, "proceeds to show that the Glorious Revolution of 1688 was not a radical break with English traditions, but rather a preservation of prescriptive institutions." Still, can one, really, simply *agree* with Burke here without surfacing the problems? Then again, one must consider, at least, the argument that there were many similarities, though of course differences, between the English Puritan and French Revolutions. In both the king was killed, in both a dictatorship established, both lasted for about the same length of time before "Thermidor," both issued, though informed by very different ideologies, in a heightened secularization. To some degree—the real question is how much, and where, and with what effect on his argument—Burke cleans up English history in his "demolition" of Dr. Price. But these questions are not really reservations about Russell Kirk's *Burke*. It is the excellence of the book and the authority of its author that make one wish for still more discussion of one's favorite issues.

AMONG AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES there has swirled a controversy about Burke's relevance that seems to me utterly misconceived, in that the parties to the dispute are talking

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about very different things. The question of Burke's relevance was definitively answered a couple of years ago by Willmoore Kendall in an article written in collaboration with Professor George Carey of Georgetown. Burke, they show, was the first to discern the issues dividing Right from Left in the world revolution that has been under way since 1789. Drawing upon Burke, Kendall and Carey define the core issues as relativism versus permanent principle, egalitarianism versus hierarchy, rights of man versus concrete historical rights, will of the present generation versus entailed inheritance, income redistribution versus retention and inheritance, secularism versus Christianity. Thus Burke defined the issues which are very much before us.

The anti-Burkeans within modern conservatism have not refuted this analysis for the very good reason that it cannot be refuted, but also because their immediate concerns are somewhat different. If we ask ourselves not, with Lenin's anonymity, "What is to be Done?", but What Will *We* Do?, when, as now seems inevitable, a right-wing administration comes to power in America, it seems clear that the libertarian, not to say Benthamic, critics of contemporary liberalism will be more forthcoming than the Burkeans with suggestions for action. The negative income tax might really *be* a way out of the welfare mess, and if it is not, the debate both focuses attention on the mess and promises to be fertile of other suggestions. A mercenary army, a privately-run post office, a restructured social security, a reformed monetary policy, rationalization of the military structure—well, yes, such men as Milton Friedman and Gordon Tullock would very likely be much more useful to an incoming right-wing administration than the Burkeans.

But the conflict is more apparent than real. Mechanical reforms of this sort, necessary though they are—and especially necessary now—do not constitute the substance of a civilization. A civilization involves a range of things which our Benthamic critics of liberalism do not have at the center of their awareness, and of course their reforms, like those Burke himself urged, will be made in the interest of enabling the substance of civilization to flourish and prevail.

Fiction

Signs, Mirages, Miracles?

RONALD JOHNSON

A CHARACTER in Mme. Mallet-Joris' novel exclaims: "I'm telling you about life, a beautiful story of signs, mirages, miracles." I use the word *character,* for in this book, though people do have names, they are a string of paper cut-outs inhabiting the author's no doubt very French, dark, velvet-lined claustrophobic study. "Have it your way," says Wallace Stevens, "the world is ugly and gray," and believes, just the same, that life is full of signs, mirages and miracles. But Mme. Mallet-Joris seems to live, like her characters, in a befuddled world where she is, I quote from the blurb: *since the death of Albert Camus, France's most important activist novelist.* Camus, it is true, is dead — but surely the rest are not only alive but active?

Herma Briffault puts down a veil of translation (awkward froggish phrases and dictionary words) over what one can *just* discern is muddy prose. Mme. Mallet-Joris is fond, for instance, of beginning paragraphs with a stutter of sentences without verbs, and goes, from there, into quite embarrassingly amusing mires of purple. I was especially pleased with this statement: "Life was a ragout—it called for a number of ingredients and they must be in the right proportions."

The blurb also mentions that this book is full of flesh-and-blood people; among these are industrialists and homosexuals. In fact, a regular ragout of humanity. What we have, all the same, is more or less a mishmash of journalists, would-be writers who prostitute themselves to journalism, would-be prostitutes who prostitute both journalists and journalism, and so on. . . . with an added dash of the OAS. The proportions are wrong, and the ragout watery.

To paraphrase another poet: Mme. Mallet-Joris is the author of eight previous novels. They are very strange. I shall never read them. It is easy to arrange.

A SECOND-HAND LIFE is Charles Jackson's first novel since 1948. It seems he has stretched his lost weekend into first a sabbatical, then a permanent retirement. Until now he has fiddled around with television and an occasional appearance at writers' conferences. I don't suppose he ever had his thumb in the Peyton Place pie, but it looks very much as if he meant to abandon poor Ray Milland to the bottle and take up with Dorothy Malone. Theme song: *They! Call! Me! Second-Hand Rose, I sleep with second-hand beaux. . . .* The novel concerns Miss Winifred Grainger and Mr. Harry Harrison, and she is definitely second-hand goods while he, presumably, lives his life at second-hand through her. It is the case of the female bachelor and a male old maid, who, in the end, are identical. Of course the television serial will call for a jazzier title, most likely in the mode of Forties' films: *Dust & Desire? The Nymphomaniac & The Sexually Repressed?*

Mr. Jackson's view of life, as expressed by Miss Grainger, is considerably different from Mme. Mallet-Joris': "Winifred Grainger knew, of course, everybody knew, that love and life as depicted in the movie tonight had nothing whatever to do with the facts of life as people lived them in the everyday world; it had been a confection merely, a dreaming-up; and most certainly she also knew (this was the baffling, the frustrating part of it) that reality had little to do not only with her speculation about what hung there inside the fly under Nick's apron but also

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Signs and Wonders, **by Françoise Mallet-Joris. Farrar, $6.95**

A Second-Hand Life, **by Charles Jackson. Macmillan, $5.95**

Night Falls on the City, **by Sarah Gainham. Holt, $6.95**

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with the thing itself." Nick runs the local greasy-spoon, and Mr. Jackson declines the challenge, never telling us exactly what life does consist of.

Winnie Grainger, a poor little rich girl, has just received news that her only true love has died—it was all 25 years ago—and she sits in the garden between the "black heavy flanks" of the iron roller, and the dovecote, musing over the fact. There are many, many second-hand flashbacks involved. His name was Jack Sanford, and he had come to Arcadia (one is thankful for small favors here—no symbolism intended) as a commercial artist, to design ice-cream pails and charlotte-russe cups for the Baxter Brothers Box Company. Harry Harrison, we are told, also is disturbed about the death, although he had not been close to Jack, because he is afraid, having never lived, of death. His sole expression of this is a belated bleat at the funeral, which everyone finds quite embarrassing. Mr. Jackson's despair is more evident, however, and by the end of the novel he simply relapses into a second-hand conversation between his principals, with Winnie recounting yet again some of her sexual encounters, and Harry, his lack of them.

A Second-Hand Life is quickened, if not redeemed, by at least one sign and wonder when Harry remembers a carnival side show he was taken to by his mother when he was very young. The exhibit, which was taken to be "up-lifting," was of THE CIGARETTE FIEND—an exhausted and emaciated lady lolling upon a hammock of tiny silk-fringed carpets made of Turkish cigarettes sewn together, her fingers bright orange with nicotine stains. There are cigarette butts in the dirt below, packets of "coffin-nails" piled on a *taboret* beside her. She coughs, and Harry's mother says, "I suppose you just can't help it, can you?" For a moment there is a mirage, a strangeness that, though coughing, is alive.

NOT ONE CHARACTER in Sarah Gainham's *Night Falls on the City* is ever tempted to say, "Ah, such is life." They are much too busy for such nonsense. This is an old-fashioned novel with old-fashioned virtues. The characters have love affairs rather than meaningless sexual encounters. The book covers the whole of the Nazi occupation of Vienna, and the Russian "liberation," with a thoroughness that is like approaching jack-boots on cobblestones.

Julia Homburg-Wedeker is the leading actress at the state theater, and therefore a necessary cultural asset to the Nazis. She is not allowed to leave, and her husband Franz, a well-known Jewish socialist, does not escape Vienna in time and must live out the war shut up in a hidden room in their apartment. The Nazi night

falls slowly, almost imperceptibly, on their lives and the lives of their friends. In fact there is so much to explain, the theme is so vast, that the long twilight is too often static in political explication, and conversations tend to entangle themselves in historic red-tape. Miss Gainham's attentions are finally so divided between the war and her characters that neither comes into the idiosyncrasies of life.

For it is *life*, even if the characters do not carry on endlessly about its meaning, that we expect from a novel. A novel is people. Franz and Julia adapt, change, become more revealed, but are never quite as memorable as some people we may have met years ago in our "real" lives, even for an instant, passing on the street in their intense, individual, idiosyncratic existence. The novels we remember like some vivid past personal experience all, at some point, with a kind of magic, a sleight-of-hand, do rise up in signs and wonders: inexplicable mirages. It is called life, and breathes through the prose as if through pores.

Pitfalls of Command

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THE AUTHOR of this book served in the Royal Air Force during World War II successively as Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Middle East; Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Mediterranean; and as Deputy Supreme Commander under General Eisenhower, in over-all charge of all air operations for the invasion of France and the subsequent campaign in Western Europe. His record of this experience is one of the most perceptive and valuable treatises on the processes and pitfalls of high command in war that this reviewer has ever seen.

This title, *With Prejudice*, means exactly what it says. "Frankly, I am completely prejudiced," he admits, "and I accept as a guide and as a warning, Goethe's saying: 'I can promise to be upright but not to be unprejudiced.'" It is not mere stubborn blind prejudice to which he admits, but the prejudice in favor of his own branch of the military profession which he has acquired by the experience of a lifetime. No senior officer who is not strongly motivated by such a prejudice is worth his salt in a position of high command responsibility; it is precisely this motivation which insures that as a commander he will see to it that his forces are used to the best advantage in cooperation with those of other services, and as an adviser to the civilian leadership of his country that the capabilities of his service are fully understood both in terms of the possible and the perilous.

The notion that such senior officers should think in "national terms" rather than service terms has gained a dangerous degree of acceptance in the United States during the last few years, as though the elimination of "interservice rivalry" rather than the

With Prejudice: The War Memoirs of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, G. C. B. **Little, Brown, $10.00**

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exposure of civilian leadership to the full spectrum of military judgment were the object of providing the government with professional military advisers. Boiled down, the demand for "national thinking" on the part of military chiefs represents longing on the part of harassed Secretaries of Defense for simple answers to complex problems, a longing which can be satisfied only at grave risk to the national security.

LORD TEDDER'S book brings out forcibly and clearly—illustrated by the hard facts of success or failure—the working relationships between the theater commanders of the three services (Air Force, Army, Navy), the military chiefs of these services at the seat of government, and the civilian head of the government; in this case the redoubtable Winston Churchill. When the three theater commanders agreed, they often had their way; but each was separately in touch with his chief in London, and service disagreement could occur at either end of the line. It was through the interplay of discussion and diversity that policy, strategy and tactics were brought into correlation toward the accomplishment of military ends which served the requirements of policy; though policy had at times to be modified to accord with the military possibilities.

A message from Tedder in Cairo to his London superior, the Chief of Air Staff (Portal) is illustrative: "I set little store by numerical comparisons of strength. Serviceability, reserves, supply, morale are vital factors in any real comparison. . . . I am not satisfied I cannot do more, but I will not, repeat will not, promise until I am sure I can effectively keep promise. I will not put dummies in shop window for D-Day." And another to the Air Minister: "Really must ask you have some faith in my judgment. We here have got knowledge of day-to-day conditions, requirements and capacities as regards the Middle East . . . which Air Ministry cannot have. Recognize that Air Ministry is omnipotent, but it is not, and cannot be, omniscient."

Tedder makes plain how closely Churchill worked with his Chiefs of Staff in London, without the interposition of any civilian minister save in administrative matters. Churchill

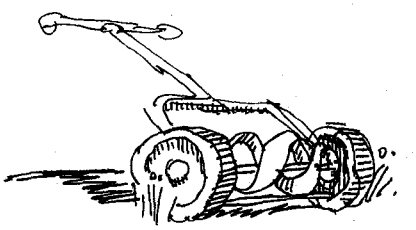
Random Notes

● BOOKS: Bobby Kennedy's non-book of speeches etc., withdrawn from Harper & Row's publishing schedule after the Manchester flap, will be issued by Doubleday next spring. Firm outbid several others, will pay $100,000. . . . Pierre Boulle's *My Own River Kwai* recounts his adventures as a Free French espionage agent in Japanese-held Indochina (Vanguard, Fall, $5.95). . . . Veteran correspondent Jacques Marcuse, who covered China both before and after 1949, tells all in *The Peking Papers* (Dutton, November). The People's Republic, says he, resembles "a film version of *1984* starring the Marx Brothers."

Nostalgia: Jim Harmon chronicles the rise and fall of, and quotes extensively from, *The Great Radio Heroes* (Doubleday, $4.95); Corey Ford, himself a funny fellow, reminisces about the days with Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Harold Ross, W. C. Fields and such in *The Time of Laughter* (Little, Brown, October, $5.95). . . . . Now in paperback: Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia* (Twin Circle Books, 95¢). Coming in November is his new book, *Workers' Paradise Lost —Fifty Years of Soviet Communism: A Balance Sheet* (Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95). . . . Libdom is busy attacking and yanking out of school libraries those nasty, racist Dr. Dolittle books.

● MOVIES: New records! Ford paid an unprecedented $2.3 million to show the Brando *Mutiny on the Bounty* on ABC Sept. 24 (*The Robe* cost only $2 million); United Artists has acquired rights to the Broadway superhit *Man of La Mancha*, for $2¼ million. . . . Mary Ellen Bute, who produced/directed the film version of *Finnegans Wake*, will have a go at Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. . . . Rafael Sabatini's *Scaramouche*, long a best-seller and twice a film, may be a Broadway musical next season. . . . Up from the Underground: No less than Universal-International has formed a subsidiary to distribute offbeat flicks; first is Conrad Rooks' saga of drug withdrawal, *Chappaqua*, starring Ravi Shankar, The Fugs, Allen Ginsberg and author William Burroughs. . . . In the script-writing stage: film version of Gene Fowler's *The Great Mouthpiece*, about William Fallon; same of Robert Gover's *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, which Jack Gelber is turning into a musical. . . . Paramount dropped it, so Univeral will make *The Unexpected Mrs. Pollifax*, a spy-spoof starring Roz Russell.

● MORE SPINOFF: Moshe Dayan's daughter Yael, a novelist and Israeli army officer, is preparing her war diary for publication in late fall, by McGraw-Hill. . . . Irwin Shaw is writing narration for Jules Dassin's documentary film about the six-day war, and *Variety* reports, straight-facedly, that an Israeli producer is making *Is Tel Aviv Burning?* . . . Israeli bookseller to American exporter: "I would now like to make a deal for the Dover publication of their *Say It in Arabic*, on an exclusive basis, and at least with the same discount as *Say It in Hebrew*. I am enclosing our first order for 300 copies" (*Publishers Weekly*).



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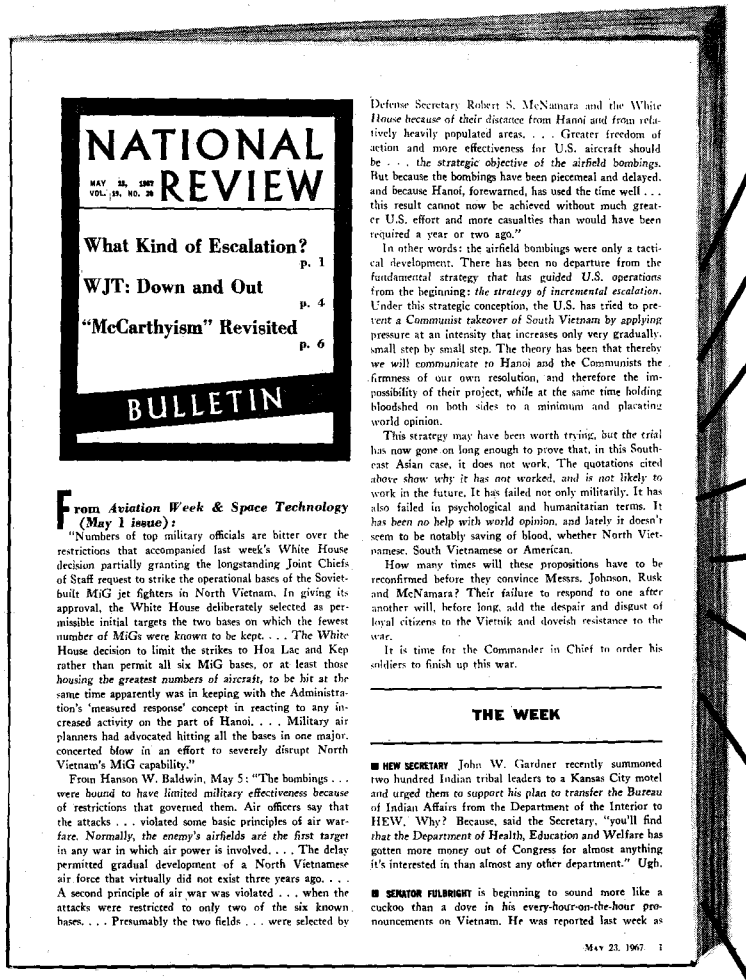

NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 16, 1967 VOL. 18, NO. 20

What Kind of Escalation? p. 1

WJT: Down and Out p. 4

"McCarthyism" Revisited p. 6

BULLETIN

From *Aviation Week & Space Technology* (May 1 issue):

"Numbers of top military officials are bitter over the restrictions that accompanied last week's White House decision partially granting the longstanding Joint Chiefs of Staff request to strike the operational bases of the Soviet-built MiG jet fighters in North Vietnam. In giving its approval, the White House deliberately selected as permissible initial targets the two bases on which the fewest number of MiGs were known to be kept. . . . The White House decision to limit the strikes to Hoa Lac and Kep rather than permit all six MiG bases, or at least those *housing the greatest numbers of aircraft,* to be hit at the same time apparently was in keeping with the Administration's 'measured response' concept in reacting to any increased activity on the part of Hanoi. . . . Military air planners had advocated hitting all the bases in one major, concerted blow in an effort to severely disrupt North Vietnam's MiG capability."

From Hanson W. Baldwin, May 5: "The bombings . . . were *bound to have limited military effectiveness* because of restrictions that governed them. Air officers say that the attacks . . . violated some basic principles of air warfare. *Normally, the enemy's airfields are the first target* in any war in which air power is involved. . . . The delay permitted gradual development of a North Vietnamese air force that virtually did not exist three years ago. . . . A second principle of air war was violated . . . when the attacks were restricted to only two of the six known bases. . . . Presumably the two fields . . . were selected by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and the White House *because of their distance* from Hanoi and from relatively heavily populated areas. . . . Greater freedom of action and more effectiveness for U.S. aircraft should be . . . the *strategic objective of the airfield bombings.* But because the bombings have been piecemeal and delayed, and because Hanoi, forewarned, has used the time well . . . this result cannot now be achieved without much greater U.S. effort and more casualties than would have been required a year or two ago."

In other words: the airfield bombings were only a tactical development. There has been no departure from the *fundamental strategy that has guided U.S. operations* from the beginning: *the strategy of incremental escalation.* Under this strategic conception, the U.S. has tried to prevent a Communist takeover of South Vietnam by applying pressure at an intensity that increases only very gradually, small step by small step. The theory has been that thereby we will communicate to Hanoi and the Communists the firmness of our own resolution, and therefore the impossibility of their project, while at the same time holding bloodshed on both sides to a minimum and placating world opinion.

This strategy may have been worth trying, but the trial has now gone on long enough to prove that, in this Southeast Asian case, it does not work. The quotations cited above show *why it has not worked, and is not likely to* work in the future. It has failed not only militarily. It has also failed in psychological and humanitarian terms. It has *been no help with world opinion,* and lately it doesn't seem to be notably saving of blood, whether North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese or American.

How many times will these propositions have to be reconfirmed before they convince Messrs. Johnson, Rusk and McNamara? Their failure to respond to one after another will, before long, add the despair and disgust of loyal citizens to the Vietnik and doveish resistance to the war.

It is time for the Commander in Chief to order his soldiers to finish up this war.

THE WEEK

■ **NEW SECRETARY** John W. Gardner recently summoned two hundred Indian tribal leaders to a Kansas City motel and *urged them to support his plan to transfer the Bureau* of Indian Affairs from the Department of the Interior to HEW. Why? Because, said the Secretary, "you'll find *that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has* gotten more money out of Congress for almost anything it's interested in than almost any other department." Ugh.

■ **SENATOR FULBRIGHT** is beginning to sound more like a cuckoo than a dove in his every-hour-on-the-hour pronouncements on Vietnam. He was reported last week as

MAY 23, 1967 1

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A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

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was able to do so effectively for the precise reason that this relationship kept him adequately informed of the military situation in the several theaters of war; and after the United States became a belligerent, the top-level relations between Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt—who used much the same system of military control—were immensely eased by the channeling of military advice through the Combined Chiefs of Staff. In the military chain of command on either side of the ocean, there were no civilians except the big boss.

Tedder's relations with his colleagues of other services varied according to his judgment of their ability, and especially of their understanding of what could and could not be expected of air power. He considered Wavell "a fine man—but he moves so slowly"; with Auchinleck, Tedder got on much better; he was constantly at sword's point with Admiral Cunningham, who himself embodied a strong prejudice in favor of the Royal Navy. Tedder thought highly of Eisenhower as a Commander-in-Chief, both in North Africa and Europe, in which opinion he sharply disagreed with Alanbrooke, the Army Chief of Staff. Commenting on the destruction of the German army in Normandy after the breakout from the beachhead, Tedder remarks: "This was the work of a man of whom Alanbrooke said, 'Ike knows nothing about strategy!'"

Eisenhower had full reciprocal confidence in Tedder, whose plan for applying air power to the Normandy preparations he supported against a heavy weight of U.S. and other British opinion—a support fully justified by results.

Windmills in the Head

ANTHONY KERRIGAN

EDWARD DAHLBERG is idiosyncratic. He is, that is to say, a private person, one not susceptible to "education" by mass-teachers, and when he says ἰδισω, "I make my own," that is literally what he does in making judgments. He is also a fool, a divine fool, of the breed of Unamuno ("with windmills in the head") and St. Theresa ("the Jewess of Avila"). He learned nothing from any textbook, his texts being his "life-experience" (or *vivencia,* as Ortega would say) with certain men of the past, masters, wise men—most of whom were literary and social miscreants, from Socrates to Baudelaire to Ford Madox Ford, in the eyes of the beadles and deans of literature and the arts. He conversed in Paris with the corrupt Doctor Matthew O'Connor of Djuna Barnes' *Nightwood,* and he (almost) rescued from oblivion the hump-backed American nonconformist Randolph Bourne.

But Dahlberg has nothing to do with the official Underground, either with the dementedly narrow academic underground of specialist obsessives, nor with the radical totalitarian underground of the Marxist parochial journals. He has no truck with savants and scholars, and none with the Angry, Young or Old. He himself is far more furious than any of the latter. He is in fact afflicted with a permanent St. Vitus' Dance of holy vituperation. His most characteristic quotation is from the sage Roman who pontificated "O my friends, there are no friends!"

HE HAS BEEN TRUE, in all his books and all his life, to his natural state. In a letter to Robert Hutchins, he tells that totalitarian purveyor of Ford Foundation mass culture: "I have always been loyal to my beginnings, by which I mean I have always been an orphan!"

In his alienation from modern "motor car and garage" society, he has cloven to the classics. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has meant more to him than his contemporary, the "deceased vice-president of an insurance company" (Wallace Stevens: he is unjust, for he never read more than an early book of the insurance company poet, and he admits as much in one of his letters). But no matter about his unfairness: it is so vast as to be cosmic, and in his cosmic idiosyncrasy he shows more passion than a dozen faculties of letters. In a letter to the present commentator, printed in *The Edward Dahlberg Reader,* he proffers an impossibly bizarre (i.e. brave) and improbable list of his mentors: Macrobius, Pausanias, Herodian, Suetonius, Clement of Alexandria, Josephus, Plutarch, the Elizabethans, the Comedy of the Restoration, Livy, Thucydides, Coleridge, Ruskin, Herzen, Saint-Simon, and sundry others as diverse and as divergent as possible from any list of required official reading.

NEEDLESS TO SAY he despises all the mass arts. He will not go to a film, for, among other reasons, he is tired of "watching a pansy make love to a lesbian" on celluloid. And he asks: "How are we to survive television, more horrible and pernicious to the nervous system than the Salem witch trials? Who is going to give us an antiseptic newspaper? The newspaper is the ten plagues of Egypt, and how are we going to avoid this Stygian infection?" One mass-chanter (or enchanter) he exempts from his anathema: to his friend Theodore Dreiser he wrote: "Now working on Whitman, that divine mountebank, savior of the American phallus."

A great many of the letters are written from Dublin, where he lived in total obscurity on and off for several years (the obscurity was mostly of his own doing, for all the Dublin talk that came his way he heaped on his head and wore as so much sackcloth and ashes).

The beatified Ramón Llull, *"Doctor Illuminatis"* of the Franciscan Order, fourteenth-century martyr of the Church, called Ramón Barbaflorida at the Sorbonne (he called himself *"Foll*

***The Edward Dahlberg Reader,* edited by Paul Carroll. New Directions, $6.50**

***Epitaphs of Our Times:* The Letters of Edward Dahlberg. Braziller, $6.95**

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de Deu," "Madman of God"), began many of his 365 daily parables of the year with *Digues, foll . . .*", "Tell me fool. . ." It is an inspired form of question on the road to wisdom, one that would serve in converse with Dahlberg, or in opening either of these two books in search of the answers an uncompromising sage might give.

Art

The Heritage of Pop

RUTH BERENSON

A SIX-FOOT-WIDE HAMBURGER made from vinyl; a billboard-sized nude with nipples the size of ice cream cones; *Soup,* a six- by eight-foot canvas covered with identical Campbell's Soup cans; a frame of a comic strip magnified twenty times, complete with ballooned blurb and stenciled dots for newsprint shadings —this was Pop (short for popular) art. It took as its raw material the commonplace banalities of the American scene—billboards, comics, grocery displays, brassière ads. Sometimes the artist altered the raw material, more often he just enlarged it or reproduced it intact. This "New Realism," as it was sometimes called, burst upon the art scene in 1962, at once scandalizing and titillating audiences hitherto accustomed to shudder at any and everything smacking of the vulgarly commercial and the low-brow.

Now, only five years later, Pop seems—happily—to have run its course. Not everywhere, to be sure: in California, predictably in Berkeley where a "Funk Art" show last winter left viewers pleasurably scandalized, it continues. Yet the basic shock-appeal which gave it the publicity value on which it fed has declined, especially in New York, where the boredom point is reached more quickly than elsewhere. Today, Oldenburg's "soft" vinyl typewriters and kapok-stuffed popsicles are greeted with tired smiles and examined for their "craftsmanship" (they are hand-sewn by the artist's wife) rather than their inner meaning.

Andy Warhol hasn't painted a soup can in years; he now makes underground films and runs an East Village nightclub. Pop furniture is made in Grand Rapids; Pop dresses, modeled on the mini-skirted Brünnhildes of proto-Pop painter Richard Lindner (who invented them in the late Fifties) now adorn teeny-boppers in Middletown and Gopher Prairie. Edward Kienholz' "total environments," like the one recently bought by the Whitney Museum, in which an old lady, with a real skull for her head, sits waiting for death amid her cob-webbed memorabilia and a live, caged parakeet, have the kitsch melodrama of Hollywood movies of the Thirties.

POP'S EMERGENCE as an American phenomenon (a similar movement appeared briefly in London a few years earlier) was, at least in retrospect, quite predictable. Nearly fifteen years of Abstract Expressionism had left everybody—critics, dealers, collectors, younger artists, all but those whose investments depended on its perpetuation—tired of the seemingly endless proliferation of huge unprimed canvases streaked and spotted with random color. They longed for something new, preferably something recognizable. The Museum of Modern Art's 1959 show, "New Images of Man," coming at a time when Abstract Expressionism had apparently obliterated the last lingering traces of realism, seemed to many to indicate a coming—and hopeful—trend. Ranging from Giacommetti's attenuated, concentration-camp forms to De Kooning's obscenely grinning nudes, the show presented a view of man and his fate which recalled the emotional impact of German Expression-

ism. It seemed that any reaction to abstractionism would be marked not simply by a return to concrete subjects, but by a kind of personal commitment; the artist, by showing his concern for the fate of his fellow man, would bridge the gap between himself and the public, a gap which had steadily widened as twentieth-century art became more and more divorced from reality.

As usual, the prophets were both right and wrong. True, Abstract Expressionism died, sooner than anyone believed possible—by the early Sixties, the prices of all but its best-known adherents had plummeted. True, there was a return to recognizable subjects. True, the gap between artist and public was appreciably narrowed—everyone could experience a shock of recognition, if not a shudder, at Pop's subjects, even if they couldn't figure out the artist's meaning. Indeed, that was the question: did he mean anything? Was he deadpan ("Pop art is liking things," said Andy Warhol), or was he making a profound statement about the human condition? Was Tom Wesselmann's twelve-foot long *Great American Nude* a parody of a Titian Venus, or just a rather badly painted suggestive come-on? Was George Segal's plaster cast of a live gas station attendant lounging by a (real) gas pump meant to evoke an image of loneliness, of man's isolation in a cellophane-wrapped world? Or was it a gimmick to avoid having to carve or model the human figure, a task which sculptors since the Egyptians have found harder than it looks?

AND WHAT ABOUT Lichtenstein's blown-up comics, the originals of which formed the bases for high-brow discussions on "popular" art since the late Forties? Was there any real difference between them and Milton Caniff's *Steve Canyon*? Were Caniff's black outlines less "calligraphic" than Lichtenstein's (which critics learnedly compared to the wiry "whiplash" of Art Nouveau)? Was Lichtenstein a satirist? Or, as strongly hinted by Erle Loran, former head of the art department of the University of California at Berkeley, whose diagrammatic analysis of a Cézanne portrait was apparently copied, line for line, by Lichtenstein, an out-and-out plagiarist?

The critics, with a relief known only to those who have tried—usually in vain—to write about Abstract Expressionism without stringing out meaningless sequences of double-talk, pounced on the puzzle of Pop with unprecedented vigor. They were followed and, in some cases, even preceded by the mass circulation media

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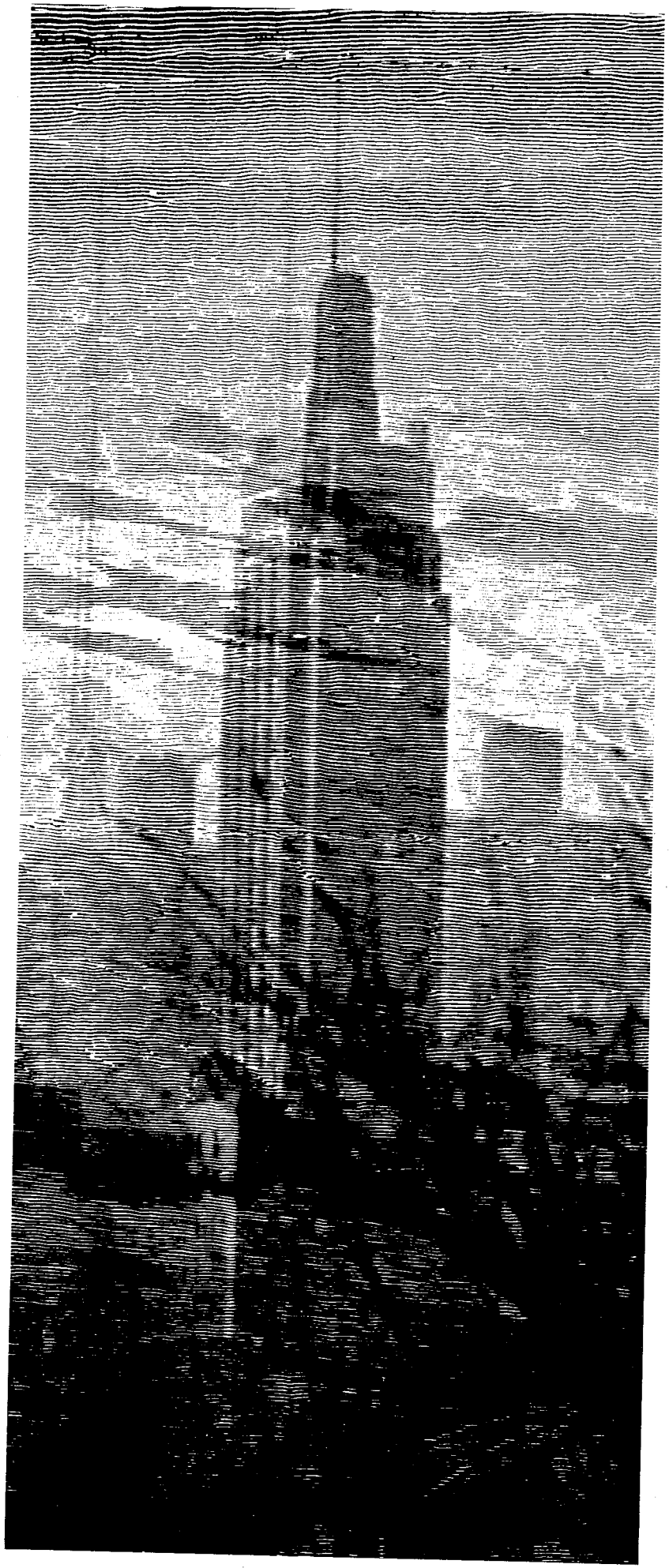

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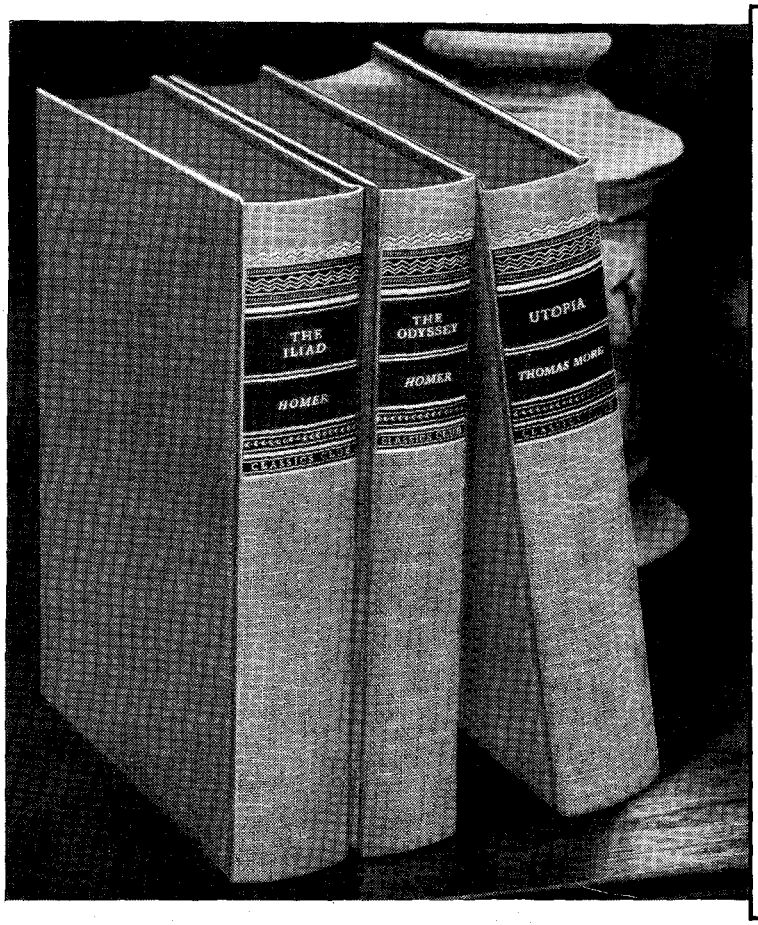

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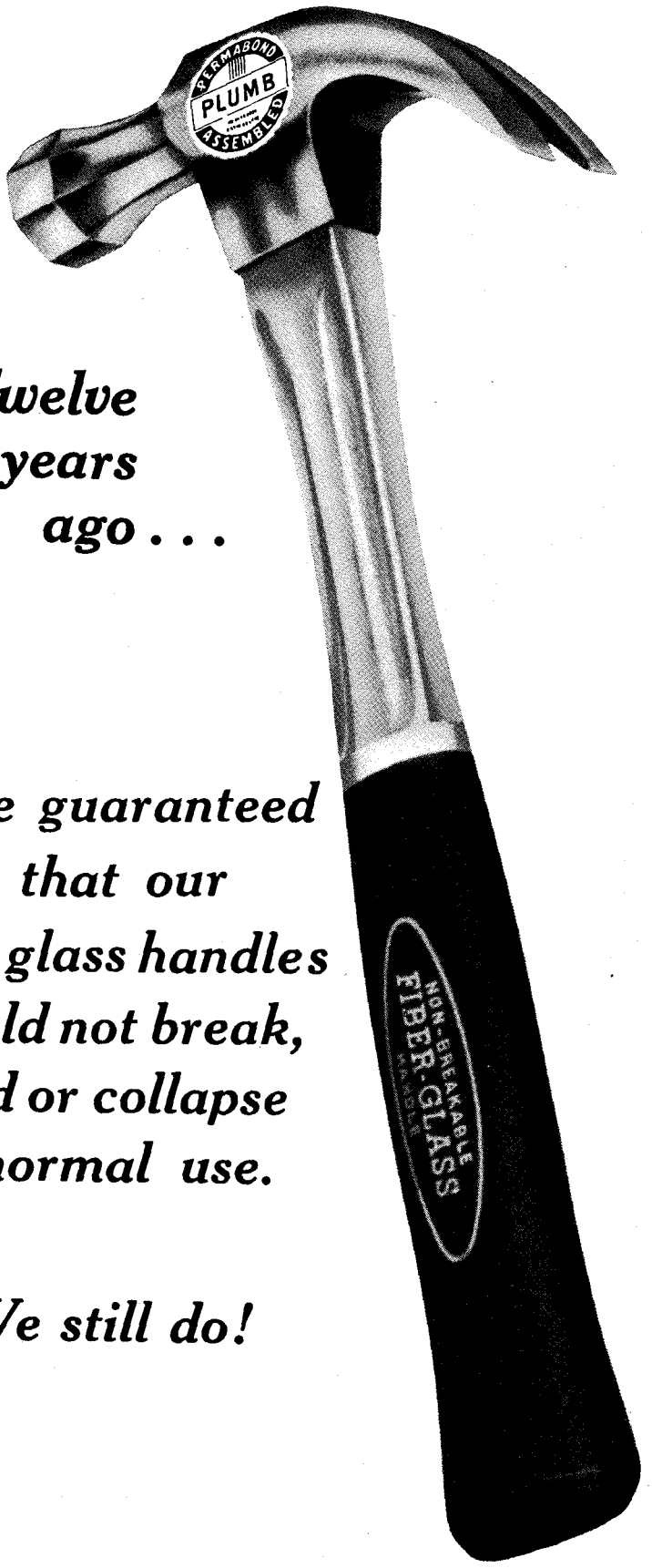
which ran six-page color spreads on this new fad. Some writers, as might have been expected, hailed it as a reflection of "the empty, violent and fragmented nature of human existence in the twentieth century." No less predictably, other critics, especially those who had staked their reputations on Abstract Expressionism as the unique American art form, attacked it vituperatively. Rather alone, *New York Times* critic John Canaday, who had already incurred the hostility of the art establishment by ridiculing the ineptitudes of many of the abstractionists, once more risked his neck by wondering if "there is really anything, beneath the novelty, to give it [Pop] an audience interested in more than vaudeville."

Well, was there? Now, even the novelty is gone; indeed, by the fashion standards which prevail in the American art world, Pop is already as out-of-date as last year's hemline. Although this, in itself, does not reflect on its merits, it is a death sentence as far as New York sales are concerned.

UNHAPPILY, Pop's effect on American art may well prove more enduring than Pop art itself. Abstract Expressionism, which maintained that a work of art should be the product of unconscious inspiration, a matter of self-expression, had already eroded the professional standards on which an artist's training used to be based, and which provided norms against which his accomplishment, or lack of it, could be measured. The quick, easy success of Pop has further debased these norms. The Pop artists, nearly all of them trained only in commercial art—sign painting, window display, packaging, advertising — have used just these ready-made techniques to turn out "products" which are largely indistinguishable, except for their blatancy and vulgarity, from their originals. Touted by dealers as the "latest," and hence the best, thing; snapped up by collectors anxious to prove themselves "with it"; publicized by critics determined not to emulate their nineteenth-century forebears by being blind to the "new," they are a living proof of how easy it is to make it in today's art world. A gimmick, that's all you need; if it's only good for a couple of years, what the hell, man, you can always think up another.

And the dealers will latch onto that,



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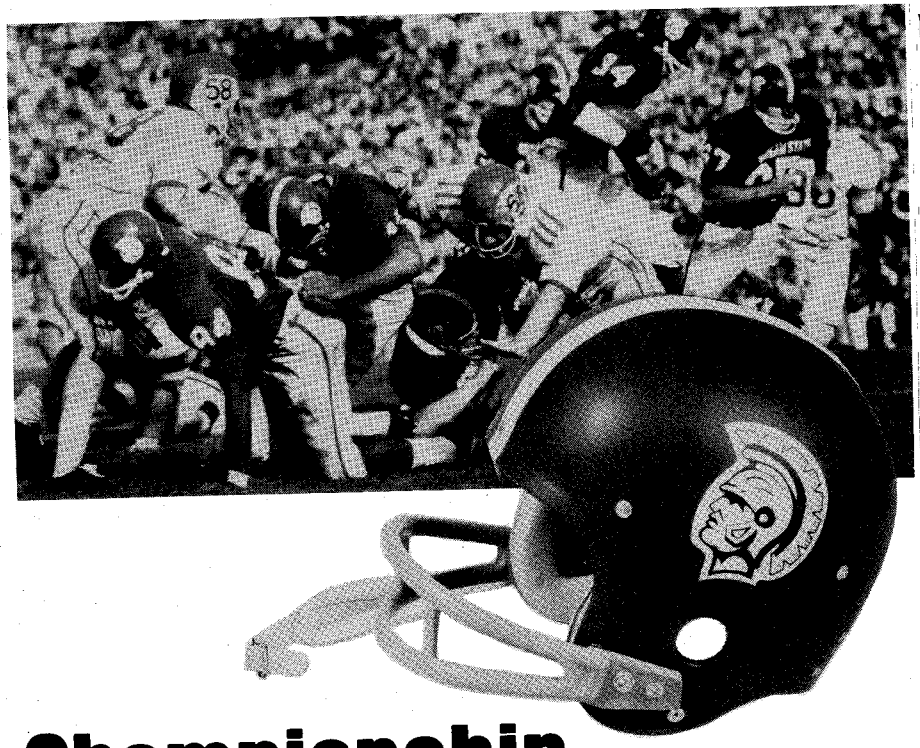

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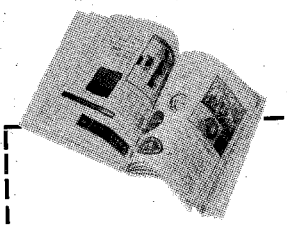

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too. In the five years since Pop hit its stride, we've had Hard-Edge, Op, Kinetic, Psychedelic, Minimal. The end is not yet—but you can be sure that the powers-that-be are nosing around. The situation is made to order for the clever young man out to make a fast buck—but it does not augur well for the serious artists, nor for art in America.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BEST OF ITALIAN COOKING, by Nika Standen Hazelton (World, $5.95). "Pasta, Glorious Pasta," wrote Nika Hazelton (*NR*, July 25) in an informative and lyrical salute to what is so often regarded as Italy's main contribution to gastronomy. But pasta is just a small part of the story. In this, her latest book, Mrs. Hazelton takes the reader on a brisk cook's tour of Italy, describing the regional dishes and regional wines before getting down to the important business of the recipes themselves. She not only tells you how to prepare the various dishes, but also suggests what would go well with them. She substitutes, when it seems advisable, the next best thing for that Italian ingredient that may be hard to find on the American market and she never takes it for granted that her reader may be as knowledgeable around the kitchen as is Mrs. Hazelton herself. The next best thing to actually dining (and wining) *chez* Nika is finding out how she does it, and *The Best of Italian Cooking* will help you there. P. L. BUCKLEY

STRIKE ZION! by William Stevenson (Bantam, 95¢). The war that was, in the week that was—the six-day war which captured the imagination of men all over the world—is attracting journalists, historians and military analysts to what promises to become the most written-about war in recent history. Bantam Books have jumped the gun on all other publishers by rushing into print with a rather impressionistic account of the six days of fighting which saw Israel triumph over her Arab adversaries. But six days was all she had. At the most, the author is convinced, and many informed people would agree with him here, it could not have lasted

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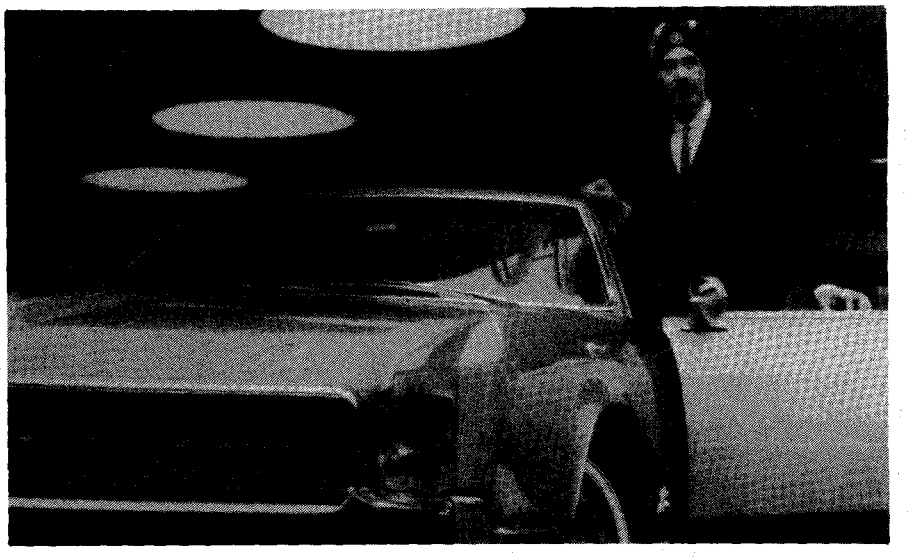
much longer or Israel would have begun to hurt. Mr. Stevenson is at his best when he describes and documents as best he can (at such short notice) the hostilities which began June 5 and ended (formally) June 11. Bigger books, better books will no doubt come out of this "mini-war," as the author sometimes calls it. But for the moment this little book will do.

M. GELTMAN

TOCQUEVILLE AND THE PROBLEM OF DEMOCRACY, by Marvin Zetterbaum (Stanford, $5.75). Professor Zetterbaum attempts to demonstrate, in a book which bears marks of having begun life as a doctoral dissertation, the thesis that Tocqueville viewed democracy as, at best, a temporary palliative for the human condition. He argues that Tocqueville not only did not believe in the inevitability of democracy, but that (in words which have been applied to Rousseau) he believed "free society stands or falls by a specific obfuscation against which political philosophy necessarily revolts." The steps of the argument are roughly as follows: A free society can exist only when men perceive their true enlightened self-interest to lie in the preservation of that society. But it would appear that enlightened self-interest requires enlightenment beyond that provided by reason—must in fact require the support of religion. Religion by definition (by Professor Zetterbaum's definition, and I agree) must, if it is to have authority over desires of men, transcend any purely human system such as a sovereignty of the people—that is, a democracy. In religion (certainly as Tocqueville understood that word) there is no democracy and no equality. If, therefore, religion is called upon to save democracy, it can do so only at the cost of abandoning democratic principles. If democracy is not saved, it sinks into mediocrity and materialism, and society ceases to be free. Therefore, there is an inherent contradiction in democracy which can only be resolved, if this indeed is a resolution, by a magician's trick where a myth is drawn from a hat, even though the invisible hand (alas!) is not quicker than the eye.

J. C. LOBDELL



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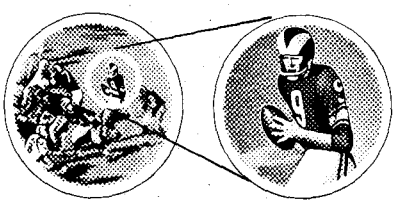

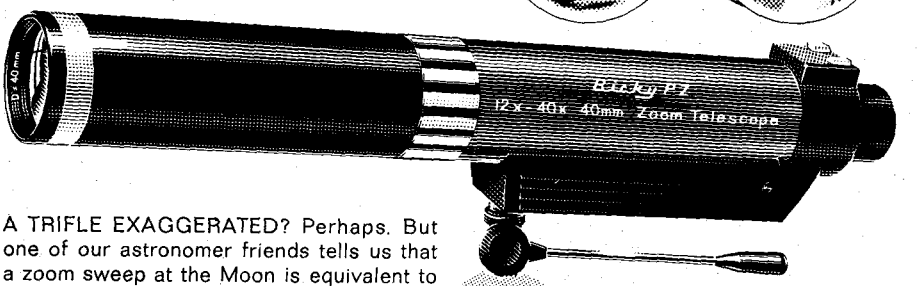

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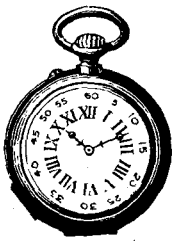

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THE VORARLBERG

(Continued from p. 1020)

true glories of the city, aside from a very good repertory theater and an active cultural life, are the Cathedral and the Cathedral Library, the Stiftsbibliothek, both done in the exuberant pastels and gold baroque that are native to the region. They are a few steps from one of the nicest hotels in Switzerland, the Hecht (or pike), centuries old but done up with fine modern rooms and a divine, sophisticated cuisine. I'll never forget a curried veal dish and the superlative quality of the native sausage, the Bratwurst, served with potatoes.

For many centuries, throughout the Middle Ages especially, St. Gall Abbey was the center of all cultural life for that part of Europe. The Abbot was a great lord, dealing with emperors, his monks immensely learned, keeping alive the civilization that the dissolution of the Roman Empire had almost extinguished. The Library is a Fort Knox of medieval manuscripts, dating back to the fourth and fifth centuries, and includes the first written notes and the famous *Nibelungenlied*.

In less than ten minutes from the center of St. Gall you are in the country, or in the Appenzell, a canton consisting of two parts, one Catholic and one Protestant. The two religions could not get on under one roof in the past and thus, reasonably, they split yet remained together. The Appenzell, whither you sojourn in a glorified street car, is a fairyland—all pastures on little hills set against larger hills set against wooded mountains that culminate in the great big Santis. The hillocks are dotted with picturesque chalets, each set primly by itself in extremely green meadows, like so many sitting hens. The capital town, Appenzell, is the original and true Disneyland, and has to be seen to be believed, so ravishing and colorful is it.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Sept. 5)
JAMES H. DOOLITTLE: OUR OBLIGATION.

I am violently opposed to the coddling of habitual criminals. The misguided individuals who repeatedly return the incorrigible, hardened criminal to prey on society are, in my mind, not only shortsighted, they are dangerous.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dorothy backwards (gift of God)	1 79 94 5 122 54 180 179
B. A field of roses	16 177 159 186 80 123 172 99 32
C. Last Spanish-American War veteran in Congress	24 33 149 183 161
D. What do-gooders often do a lot of	29 167 178 112
E. A cooperative news gathering agency	43 4 19 41 73 106 131 137 126 148 141 192 3 185 162
F. Half of a childless couple	52 184 143 18 81 66 34 55
G. Last President to achieve budget balance throughout White House tenure	56 146 8 107 124 132 85 97 119 12 155 194 53 139
H. The post horses were often left at in the good old days	64 13 42 115 2 174 166 129
I. Communism's first victim (not Marx!)	90 103 121 128
J. Village in Normandy for which a cheese was named	96 20 113 181 176 71 108 57 63
K. Vice President who became President	102 173 92 138 46 145
L. One of the many forms of Margaret	105 83 22 171 6 110 58 135
M. He was head of something that was not holy; not Roman, and not an empire	118 156 116 165
N. What workers like to get	133 152 25 191 98 136 163
O. The person to arrest first (if you can)	21 127 47 117 69 77 82 100 104 130
P. Description of piano keys	111 188 67 26 35 190 101 164 151 65
Q. A famous street; remove initial and you have another thoroughfare (composed of two put together)	168 68 153 7 120 36 17 27
R. The competitor of Word E which merged with another competitor	150 91 134 158 169 11 182 38 15 76 23
S. What the forgotten man often is	40 37 84 48 95
T. Weakened	72 109 175 39 86 14 9 144 70
U. Tree with which Weems was probably more familiar than Washington	125 93 10 44 87 157
V. A tributary of the St. Lawrence	142 28 88 74 49 59
W. An oaf	193 45 75 60
X. Pendragon's first name	114 170 50 61 154
Y. A secret organization of criminals	140 30 160 187 89
Z. Produced as clear profit	147 189 31 78 51 62

See page 1034 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A	2 H	3 E	■	4 E	5 A	6 L	7 Q	8 G	9 T	10 U	11 R	■	12 G	13 H	14 T	15 R	16 B
17 Q	18 F	19 E	■	20 J	21 O	22 L	■	23 R	24 C	25 N	26 P	27 Q	■	28 V	29 D	30 Y	31 Z
■	32 B	33 C	34 F	35 P	■	36 Q	37 S	38 R	39 T	■	40 S	41 E	42 H	■	43 E	44 U	45 W
46 K	47 O	48 S	■	49 V	50 X	51 Z	52 F	■	53 G	54 A	55 F	■	56 G	57 J	58 L	59 V	60 W
61 X	62 Z	■	63 J	64 H	65 P	■	66 F	67 P	68 Q	69 O	70 T	■	71 J	72 T	73 E	74 V	75 W
76 R	77 O	■	78 Z	79 A	80 B	81 F	■	82 O	83 L	84 S	■	85 G	86 T	87 U	88 V	89 Y	90 I
91 R	■	92 K	93 U	94 A	95 S	■	96 J	97 G	98 N	99 B	100	■	101P	102K	103I	104	■
105L	106E	107G	108J	109T	■	110L	111P	112D	■	113J	114X	115H	116M	■	117	118M	119G
120Q	■	121I	122A	123B	124G	125U	126E	■	127	128I	■	129H	130	131E	132G	133N	134R
135L	136N	■	137E	138K	139G	140Y	■	141E	142V	143F	144T	145K	■	146G	147Z	148E	■
149C	150R	151P	152N	153Q	154X	155G	156M	157U	■	158R	159B	■	160Y	161C	162E	163N	164P
165M	166H	■	167D	■	168	169R	170X	171L	172B	173K	■	174H	175T	■	176J	177B	178D
179A	■	180A	181J	182R	183C	184F	185E	186B	187Y	188P	189Z	■	190P	191N	192E	193W	194G

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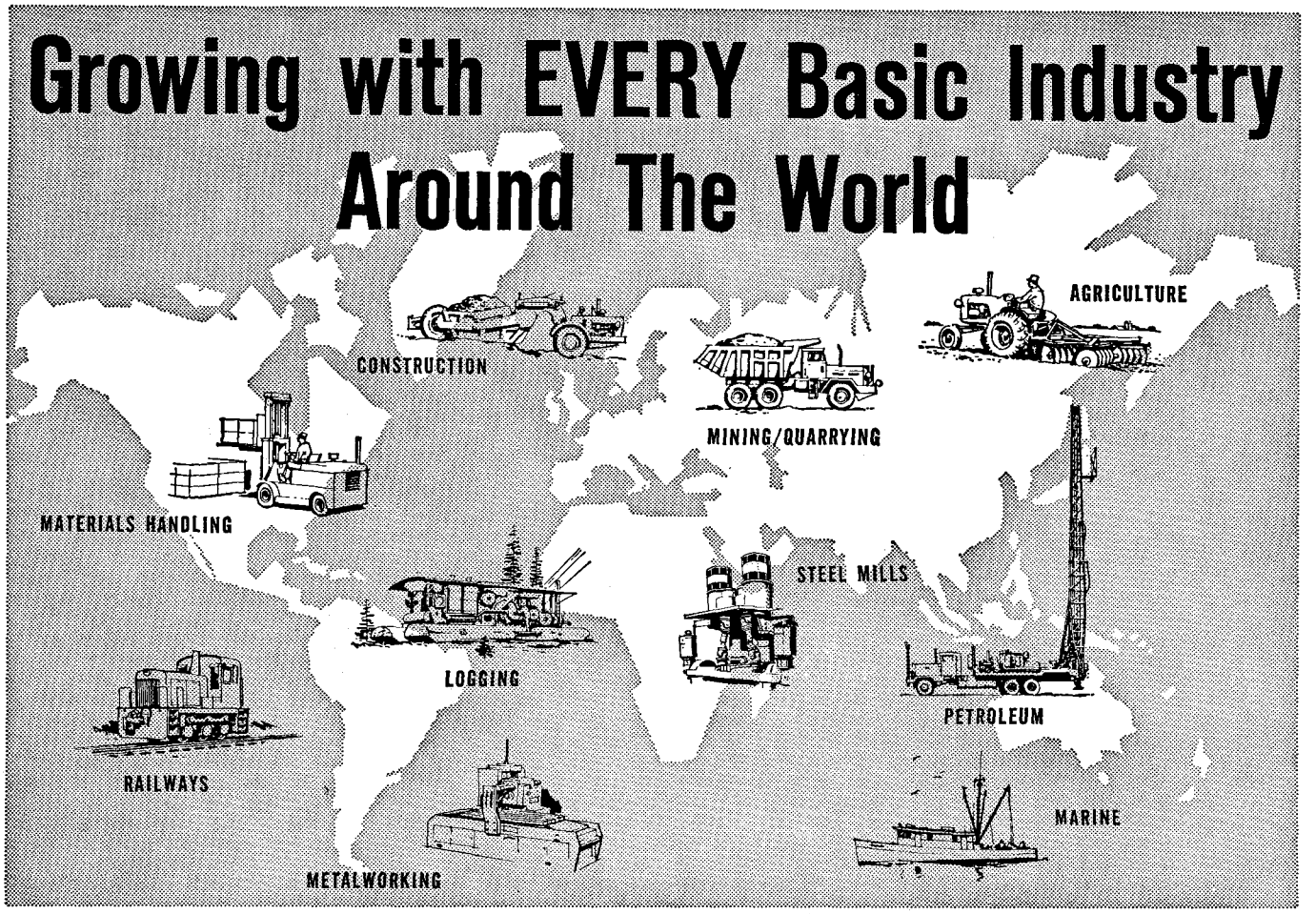

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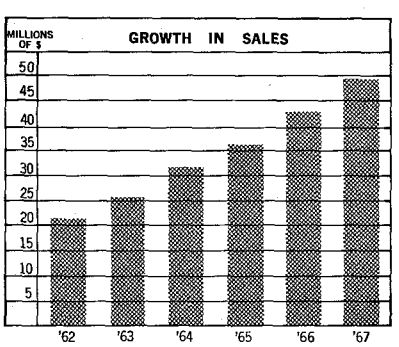
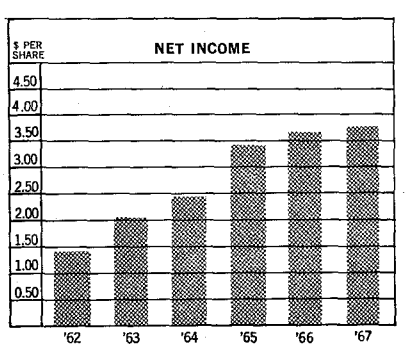
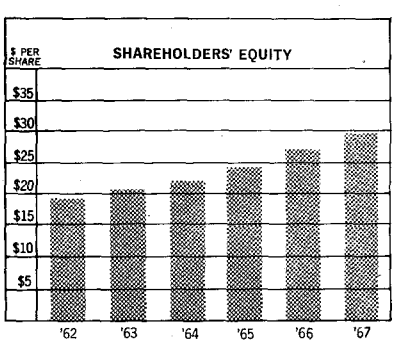
A quarterly dividend at the new rate of $0.35 per share, compared to $0.30 per share, was paid June 1. This is the sixth increase in dividend rate during the past six years.







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REAL ESTATE

SMALL COTTAGE available FREE to young man or couple—age 25 to 50—for 6 to 12 months while writing the novel of the year, working on thesis, artist interested in landscapes or wild life, or what have you. Near Beaufort, South Carolina. Cottage has 1 bedroom, living room, kitchen and bathroom. Electric baseboard heat. Furnished. All utilities will be paid except telephone. Cottage is small but tight, clean and comfortable. In return person must be willing to live on an island always spending nights there, must learn to run small boats and have some knowledge of water so can be helpful in an emergency in case of bad weather etc., but no regular duties. Must like animals — nature — quiet and would make for congeniality if conservative political leanings. Reason for this offer is recent illiness of one member of middle-aged couple. Write to NR box B.

OAK HILL PLANTATION—17 miles east of Tallahassee, Fla. 320 acres rolling, beautiful land, fine trees, permanent pastures, woodland bridle paths. Includes farm equipment and livestock, outbuildings, office, and fully furnished, nicely updated 4-bedroom, 2-bath home, $190,000. Financing available. Charles H. Deeb, Realtor. P.O. 467, Tallahassee, Florida 32302.

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WANTED: Apt. in metropolitan north New Jersey for single man, age 26, Conservative and college grad. Preferably with men of same background. Write to NR box 20.

FOR SALE: 60 Acres with creek near Little Traverse Bay. Write Box 267, Petoskey, Michigan.

SHARE NEW APARTMENT, Nassau County, 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, with single man, age 30, Conservative teacher. Write to NR box 13.

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CAMBRIDGE professor's widow, active at 93, seeks live-in companion. Two maids employed. Only Greater Boston residents need apply. Write to NR box 15.

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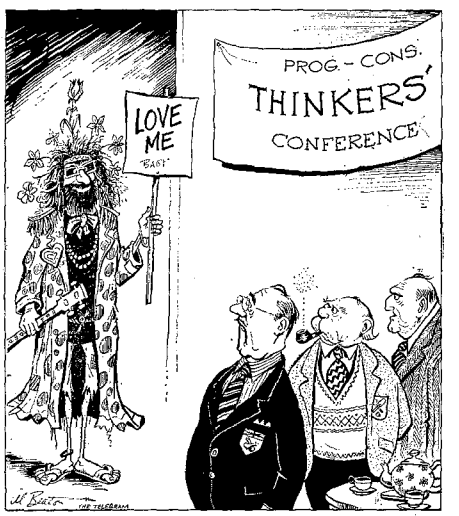
FOR THE RECORD

■ Peaceful coexistence, **ChiCom-style:** Diplomats, journalists and other nationals of 26 of the 58 nations that recognize Red China have been beaten up or otherwise abused in China in the past year, French sources report. . . . **Scandinavian agencies,** which had one reporter in Peking, have recalled him: they consider the situation there too dangerous for Mr. Munthe-Kaas. . . . On recent visit to Taiwan, Dr. **Hastings Banda** of Malawi reported that China's blunderbuss attempts to subvert various African governments had "forced her retreat from the continent." . . . In Nairobi, onetime leftist firebrand **Tom Mboya** has urged Pres. **Jomo Kenyatta** to shut Peking's embassy in Nairobi and break diplomatic relations. . . . Free China has a new price list for Red Chinese defectors and espionage agents. It runs from $875 for a defecting Chinese army private to $3.5 million for anyone who brings over a light cruiser.

■ Has LBJ lost the solid labor vote? A poll by the Communication Workers of America indicates a **Johnson-Humphrey** ticket can count on labor in '68 *only* if **Robert Kennedy** fully supports the President. Same poll indicated **George Romney,** among front-ranking GOP candidates, would pull best with labor. . . . An American Broadcasting Company poll of GOP delegates to San Francisco in '64 shows them solidly conservative. On the questions: "personal favorite," "best vote-getter," "most likely to unite the GOP," it was a **Nixon, Reagan** sweep. (Personal favorite—Nixon 48.5 per cent, Reagan 17.1; best vote-getter — Nixon 39.9, Reagan 25.9; most likely to unite GOP —Nixon 59.8; Reagan 13.) . . . Still to come, and eagerly awaited, results of **F. Clifton White**'s own private poll of the '64 delegates.

■ Much has been made of U. of Cal. **Board of Regents'** turn-down of Gov. Reagan's request for $250 annual tuition fee for students at nine California state campuses. After vetoing tuition demand, Regents turned around



Toronto Telegram Ben Roth Agency

***"Must* we?"**

and voted for an additional $200 annual student "charge." . . . **Wm. Scranton** still resisting all efforts of Pennsylvania Republicans to get him to run against Sen. **Joseph Clark** next year. Leaders in the state think Scranton could knock off Clark. . . . No nonsense: when welfare lobbyists tried a sit-in in Sen. **Dirksen's** office a week ago, the Senator promptly called the cops and had them ejected. "No one's going to sit-in in the Minority Leader's office," he said.

■ Final rundown on Detroit: at least half of the 7,207 persons arrested in the riots had criminal records. Of the 7,207 only 150 are still in jail. . . . Organizers of the massive Oct. 21 peace rally in Washington are now worried that march will be taken over by **black power militants** in wake of easy takeover of both the NSA and the National Conference for a New Politics in Chicago over Labor Day weekend. . . . Radio Hanoi broadcast aimed at Negro servicemen relying heavily these days on statements by **Stokely Carmichael** and **H. Rap Brown.** . . . Stokely, incidentally, is continuing his grand tour: Havana to Prague to Hanoi —next stop Algiers. . . . Justice Dept. has, after all, ordered a ban on delivery in this country of the *Crusader*, the "Burn, Whitey, Burn" hate sheet put out by defector (and fugitive from justice) **Robert Williams** in Peking.

■ **Friends and foes:** Japan has refused to issue visas to representatives of the Hanoi government or of the South Vietnamese National Liberation Forces. It also refused to allow any foreigners into the country to appear before a (government-frowned-upon) Japanese version of the **Bertrand Russell** war crimes tribunal. . . . Swedish taxpayers in town of Borlange up in arms over decision of the town council to send $1,000 of their tax money to Hanoi. . . . **Pastor Niemöller,** to no one's surprise, has announced he'll send $11,000 of his $28,000 Lenin peace prize to Hanoi for medical supplies. . . . **Graham Greene** has asked Soviet authorities to pay over his blocked Russian royalties to the families of imprisoned writers **Daniel** and **Sinyavsky.**

■ Democratic City Councilman and ex-PT boat skipper **Roy Archibald** of San Mateo, California, sees his race for Congress as a contest between "PT-454 and The Good Ship Lollipop."

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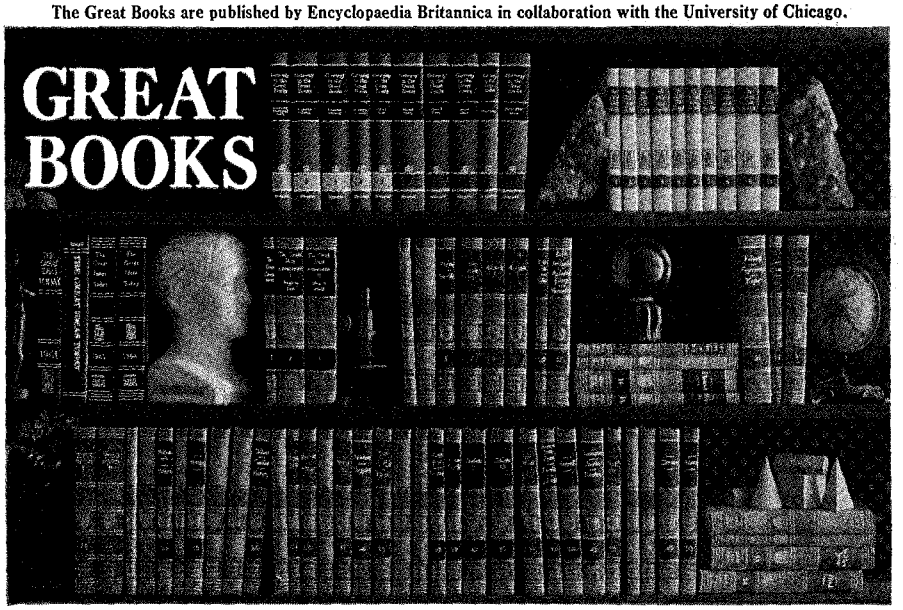

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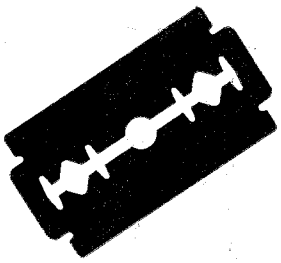
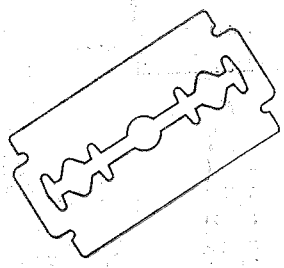
End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® coating on the Krona edge.

Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron® Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure your consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends– the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

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